THE Poets VVillow:

OR,

The Paſsionate Shepheard:

With ſundry delightfull, and no leſſe *Paſsionate Sonnets: deſcribing the paſsions* of a diſcontented and perplexed LOVER.

Diuers compoſitions of verſes concording as well with the Lyricke, as the Anacreonticke meaſures; neuer before publiſhed: Being reduced into an exact and diſtinct order of Metricall extractions.

Artem qui tractant Muſicam, hæc legant, & Poeſem ament.

Author: Impreſſe.

Nec mori timeo, nec opto.

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BIBLIOTHECA BOMETIANA

TO THE RIGHT VVORTHIE GENTLEMAN MASTER WILLIAM *ASCHAM REPLENISHED* WITH THE BOVNTIES OF Art and Nature.

Molli discumbat via. *Seu* Hæc via illi summa.

IF those be patrons fittest for our labours,
Whose vertuous actions merit our respect,
Who fitter then your selfe for to protect,
Our infant Poems with your mature fauor?
Whose fragrant bosome euer had that sauor,
And perfect relish, that the pure effect
Of your sincerest loue would thinke no shame,
To take in worth what from Pernassus *came,*

Beleeue me Sir, those manie well tuned straines
Of your concording vertues haue produced
These harsher poems: let me be excused
Sith what I write concernes poore homely swaines,

That vſed to frolicke in the ſpacious plaines,
My muſe with no Cadmean drops infuſ'd
Shelters her humble ſelfe vnder your wing,
Which if you grant, ſhe may ſecurely ſing.

Call but to mind the ſeedplot of your youth,
Staggyrat well-ſpring, Britons Heſperie,
Which at one time receau'd both you and me,
You to grow vp, me to admire your growth,
Hoping to ſee that which might glad vs both.
Your inward graces, graced outwardly.
For now my Poems relliſh when they finde
So great a fortune in ſo great a minde.

If I ſhould ſpeake but what I doe conceaue,
I ſhould make ſtale thoſe merits of your owne,
In ſhewing them which be already ſhowne,
Yet if I were but able to engraue,
In monumentall tablets, you ſhould haue
The higheſt place, becauſe the higheſt growen
In ripe and pregnant iudgement which approue,
Both art and nature beare you ſpeciall loue.

Long may you flouriſh in the grouth of time,
To be a refuge to the muſes nine,
Diuineſt ſhades ſhould ſhadow powers diuine,
That when poore Celſus writes in ragged rime,
He may receiue protection by your ſharine,
Whoſe beauteous raies with more perfection ſhine,

Then

Then the malignant censures of the worst
Shall ere raze out, if that their gall should burst.

More could I write (for subiect had I still,
Of writing more and more,) but modesty
Tells me your vertues would not praised be,
For vertues praise doth from her selfe distill,
Wherefore I curbd th' intention of my will,
Ioying to see these honors which I see,
So well portraid in you, that your worth,
Makes the earth glory in so great a birth.

Your vertues admiror

humblie deuoted,

RICHARD BRATHVVAYTE.

Hinc mea musa gemit, qua seria non sera currit,
Non matura satis carmina: causa nimis.

Vpon the illustrate Prince *Henrie*, the Authors long meditated teares: Draigned *from a fresh renewing spring euer distilling:* Some whereof the passionate Elegiake offers to *His neuer dying monument.*

DOst weepe to see him dead? or thou dost come
To view him liuing in his dying tombe?
Liuing (said I) and dying? yes: his death
Seems to infuse in him a liuing breath,
That being dead to earth, earth might transpose,
His earthy corps vnto eternall ioies.

Dead? yes, and aliue too; this seems strange:
For single death he gets a double change:
Of life and death: death to shut vp his eies,
Life to enthrone him in heauens paradice.
Here heire vnto a king, but there he sings
A glorious pæan to the king of kings.

A good exchange: what better? none to thee,
Translated prince: yet no change worse to me,
And to the state: O enuy that our will
Should so depraued be, to wish him ill,
For our owne priuate good: Great good indeed,
And to be wisht for: O where shall we reade

So many vertues characted in youth,
So rare a mirror in the Court of truth.
So pure intentions seconded by fame,
So hopefull diuinations in his name.

So generall affection as nere any,
In one heart, kept the hearts of halfe ſo many.

Iſt then impiety to weepe, or ſhow
Our zeale to him? whom there was none did know
That by relation wept not; O I ſee,
In euery face the face of Niobe,
Senceleſſe and ſpeechleſſe: yet in ſenſe and ſpeech
Thus much entire affection ſeems to teach
Poſterity hereafter: as 'tappeares
Both ſence and ſpeech ſupplied are by teares.

Teares inundation, ſo as we might feare,
And not without iuſt cauſe ſome deluge nere,
But that we ſee a rainebow which portends
Heauen has impoſd vnto our ſorrowes ends
And limits, which ore paſt can hardly be,
So ſoone ſlip griefes out of our memory.
So ſoone? indeede too ſoone: poems in blacke
Reſemble the blacks we weare vpon our backe.
Which whilſt we follow the ſad mournfull beere,
Some more for faſhion then compaſſion weare.

Vnworthy mourners, do your griefes extend
No further? muſt your teares with his bleſt end
Expire together? why then I pray retire
Let our ſole notes ſith that our notes be higher
And far more ſhrill, ſupply your place: ile find
Motiues of griefe vnto th'immotiu'ſts mind.
You are blind with teares, I but of late began,
One eye may ſee more then another can.

Why ſhould men thinke th'inuention halfe ſo rare,
Or worth record: to bring a ſtreame from Ware,
Of pure ſpring water? for without leſſe charge
I could haue dreind a riuer full as large
Without ere pumping for't: and with a ſluſe
As artificiall; which could no way chuſe

(Such is the force of an obsequious pitty)
But conuey water to most parts o'th city.

And this without a Iacobs staffe, or ought
Saue the dimensions of an aierie thought;
Which measures each proportion, onely griefe
Excepted, which the measure of reliefe
Could neuer compasse: yet there would be fault
In my conueiance, for my spring is salt
And mixt with briny vapors which distill,
Like pond or marish waters from a hill.
But theirs more sweet, so could I mine allay,
If I had been at so much cost as they.

Next wonder that we haue obserud this yeere,
Is that the winter did like spring appeare,
Garnisht with varied flowers, and euery sweet
Checkerd with borders for the Syluans meet
To frolicke on: and why? they are of that nature,
That when they'r merry, they presage some creature
Of worth or admiration must commend,
Their bones to rest by some approaching end.

Ill natur'd bugbeares, why should you delight,
To see that sunne lodge in eternall night
That gaue a lustre with his sparkling eie
To euery plant within his Monarchy
Each humble spray or flower that grew i'th field
Of honor, would be honor with his shield
Of eminent respect: respect lesse you,
That neuer giue to merit whats her due.

But I must cease, that I may weepe the more,
For ceaseleſſe though I weepe, I haue teares in store
Two buckets to one well, both of them goes,
The one for my teares, the other for my woes,
That teares and woes contracted both in one,
May pierce in time this monumental stone.

THE ARGV-
ment of this Treatise.

BERILLVS *an* Arcadian *shepheard, who frequented the flowrie plaines of* Ida; *and indeed no lesse musicall, then pastorall: For his learning famous, for his measure in all compositions curious, for his censure in moderne presentments, no lesse affected, then by his fellow-inhabitants admired; fell in loue with a Nimph of the adioyning mountaine, hight* Eliza: *of parentage honorable, of beautie incomparable, and endowed with all graces internall; which made her no lesse beloued, then desired euen of the greatest: for her demerits were such, as* Arcadia *resounded with her praises. Long had shee (euen of a naturall loue vnto retirednes) sequestred her selfe from the publique concourse of the world, professing as it seemed a vestall life: when now (being of great expectancie, as the onely daughter to her father) shee*

was moued by her friends to addreſſe her ſelfe for proceedings both more anſwerable to her Fortunes, more correſpondent to the generall intentions of her friends, and more aquiualent to her yeeres, being now in the flower of her Time, and increaſe of eſtate. After a modeſt, yet halfe-aſſenting repugnance, ſhee condiſcended to their requeſt: leaning Veſta *and her retired habitations, and now conſecrating her laies and hymnes to* Hymen, *wiſhing no doubt, his furtherance to her otherwiſe affected diſpoſition. It chanced that (on a ſolemne feſtiuall day) when all ſhepheards leaning their paſtures, and making recourſe to a Temple erected neere to the foreſaid mountaine, they offered ſacrifice to* Pan *(the ſhepheards God) that he would preſerue their flockes, & giue encreaſe vnto their heards, according to the cuſtom of* Rome, *where the* Lupercalia *be ſolemniſed by the mountaine* Palatine: *the* Parilia *were kept in honour of* Pales, *for the preſeruation of cattell: ſuch were the feaſts of theſe* Arcadian *ſhepherds. Now in the performance of their vowes to* Pan, *ere their ſolemnities were half finiſhed, came in* Eliza *with other amiable maids, to ſee the order (as it ſeemed) of the ſhepheards in the celebration of their feſtiuals. The paſſionate ſhepheard* Berillus, *who before had conceaued no little affection of the demure carriage, modeſt gate, and well-reſpected, & reputed conuerſation of* Eliza, *had no ſooner fixed his eyes on her, then his ſacrifice was ended, his deuotion cooled, and thoſe many oriſons which he made to* Pan, *con-*

conuerted to the honour of his Saint & shrine Eliza. Much loue he professed by his eye: for though Pan had his knees, yet that honour was but externall, Eliza had his heart, no lesse reuerencing her presence, then he did Pan with outward appearance. Eliza at last obserued (as what woman, if faire, knowes not her Beautie?) that irreuerberate fixing of his eyes, by the transparent characters of his lookes, measuring his loue, shee (not to dant the poore shepheard) gaue him a modest smile, which gaue no lesse content to Berillus, then if Pan had descended and confirmed their vowes with his presence.

The sacrifice ended: yet the flame which appeared at the sacrifice not extinguished in the loue sicke shepheards brest, continued his passions, not hopelesse, because resolued such Beauteous colors could not bee soiled with the blemish of a remorcelesse heart: but as the Syreus neuer portend more raine, then when their voice is most delightfull, nor the Crocodyle more pernicious, then when feigned semblances shew her teares most remorcefull, so this bitter sweet, seemed to entertaine pittie, and to accept of the poore shepheards sacrifice, registring his sobbes, sighs, and vnfained passions in the Tablet of her heart: vowing acceptance if her parents assent confirmed her election. But see that generall vice (innate to her sex,) leuity of minde, estraunged her intentions, and made the forlorne shepheard more wretched, in that his former hopes had made him blessed: shee contemnes his giftes, scornes his

suite, plaies vpon his simplicitie: so as the shepheard surprised with a sympathie of passions, in that his hopes and great expectances are made abortments: proines of their expected growth, and blasted in the prime of his affections, sits descanting of his discontents: making his pipe the burden of his sorrow: to expresse his languishments more fully; in an abrupt straine of discords (as that harmonie best suites with his present fortunes) lying dejected on the ground (best repose for his declining hopes) thus intimates his owne miserie: shadowing (though couertly) womans inconstancie: shutting vp his ode with this conclusion: They are happie, who haue seene (and by seeing) haue bene cautioned of a louers miserie, and womans obduracie, hating where they propound most euident and infallible Testimonies of their sincerest loue.

THE

THE PASTORALL.

IN *Arcadie*, a place of great renowne
Famous for flowry pastures, there remaind
A youthfull shepherd, who vpō the downe,
Hight *Idas* plaine, such honour had obtaind
Amongst all shepheards by his trophies gaind,
And worthie feates in euerie Maygame showen
That his atchieuements were so glorious growen,
As he the flower of shepheards still was nam'd
Not of that honour might he be asham'd;
For many shepheards there were whose grace
In active feats put Heroes out of place.

Tmolus was one of such a noble spirit
Adornd with beautie and perfection too,
That in all actions he the wreath did merit
Decking with laurell his victorious brow.
Was praisd of all, yet neuer would he heare it,
Nor of vaine glorie least appearance show:
Such store of graces from his minde did flow:
Of able bodie, and of pregnant wit,
That euen these times haue much admired it:
For manie laies would *Tmolus* oftimes make
In diuine measures for *Amyclas* sake.

Next him was *Thyrſus* of a comely hew
A pure complexion, and a pleaſant grace,
Who to his friends prou'd faithfull ſtill and true,
With painted ſmile nere would he ſoile his face:
For he deſcended from a noble race,
As his admired vertues ſtill did ſhew:
For fame and honour euer did reuew,
The ſpacious mantions of this ſhepheards place
Walking with honour in his parents trace,
Such was this *Thyrſus* (*Thyrſus* was his name)
Nor of that title might he thinke't a ſhame,

Pelorus was the third, a luſtie ſwaine
That vſ'd to graiſe his cattell by the riuer
Euenus hight: where oft he would complaine,
Of his hardhearted loue: nor would he euer,
Thoſe penſiue odes (in ſilent woes) containe
But chaunts his paſſions ore and ore againe:
Such brinie ſtreames could be exempted neuer,
For light (which light ſome ſeems) his ioies diſſeuer
Making his comforts but raine: O how faine
VVould he haue glad himſelfe with harmonie,
But what he ſought could not effected be,

O my *Laerte* (would this ſhepheard ſay)
VVhy doeſt exile me from thy preſence deere?
Why ſhouldſt thou with thy loure benight my day,
And racke my intrals with perpetuall feare?
I pray thee (loue) more cheerefully appeare,

Feede

Feede not my paſſions with a long delay,
But let the night at laſt my griefes allay,
That I ſome pleaſant harmonie may heare,
Sounding a concord in my dolefull eare,
O be ſo kinde, that if no day, yet night
May yeelde me comfort and renew delight.

Thus would *Pelorus* iterate his woe
And make the paſtures eccho with his voice,
For to what cauſe ſoere this ſwaine did goe
He made it anſwer with an horrid noiſe,
For where he was, no creature could reioyce,
Sith what he did, his carrell would doe ſo,
Both foode and water willing to forgoe,
And frame their routing to their Maiſters choice
A diſcord well concording with his voice,
His flockes were thankefull to deplore his fall
Mourning to heare their Maiſters mournfull call.

Manie fine bowers this ſhepheard vſd to frame
Of mirtle braunches, and of poplar greene,
Wherein he vſd to endorſe his louers name,
Whoſe curious workes to this day may be ſeene,
Which cannot chuſe but æterniſe his fame
And that renowmed houſe from whence he came,
For few ſuch ſwaines on earth haue euer beene
Of ſuch reſpect, ſuch vertue, ſuch eſteeme:
But he is gone, and hath depriu'd the earth
Of her chiefe beautie, portraied in his birth.

Tymathus

Tymallus was the next, who for his strength
Antæus like, regaind the highest prise
Amongst all shepheards, but the fates at length
Seem'd to oppose his worthie enterprise,
Shutting the glorious splendor of his eies,
(Themselues contented in our discontents)
Changing the nature of those elements,
Which in *Tymallus* did so sympathise,
That I haue heard, though this same shepheard dies,
Yet euerie yeere the inhabitants receaue,
Where hees interd sweete odors from his graue,

O thou perfumed vrne that dost containe
Within thy shrine and table monument,
The famous reliques of a noble swaine,
Mansion of honour, vertues continent,
Shine euer bright to grace that ornament
Which thou possessest: let no priuate staine
Blemish that poore remainder, whose pure name
Makes earth, no earth, but as an element
Drawen from the earth, to raise her excrement,
Rest thee *Tymallus* in thy house of clay,
Whilest we relate thy actions euerie day.

But now must I leaue these, and come to him,
Whose sacred muse pearceth the aerie clouds,
And with *Berillus* excellence begin
Some higher straine; leauing the silent woods,
The silent shades, the pastures and the floods,

Which

Which cherished the swaines: now must I trimme
With varied colours euerie braunch and limme
Of my discourse: that such as vnderstood
Of this *Berillus*, may with him some good,
And adde some proper actions of their owne
To those of his, and make them better knowne
It chaunced on a time, the swaines agreed
To celebrate the festiuals of *Pan*.
Pan was the God, by which their flocks did feede,
And their encrease on *Ida* first began,
Therefore each swaine with all the speed he can,
Came with sweete incense from his flouric mede,
To sacrifice to *Pan* of all their breed,
One with a kid, another with a lambe,
Or some young suckling wained from the damme,
Mongst whom *Berillus* came, willing to offer,
To *Pales* incense, and to *Pan* an heifer.

Vnto the Temple which erected was,
Neere to the foote of *Idas* sacred mount,
From whence a Nectar riuolet did passe,
Which was entitled Cytherea's fount,
Came all these shepheards, who with great account,
And solemne honour offred in that place,
The firstlings of their flocks were wont to graze
Vpon the neighbour plaines, or which were wont
To browse the flouric vale, or feede vpon't,
Each offred what they had, fruits of their border,
The best the first, the residue in order,

Amidst

Amidſt theſe ſolemne feaſts, obſequious vowes,
Came in *Eliza*, one of beautie rare,
With other virgins, for what end heauen knowes,
Saue to perplex ſuch as religious were:
Such tempting creatures wanton women are,
Seducing vs with ſmiles and ſeeming ſhowes,
farre worſe then the furie of externall blowes:
For thoſe ſhed blood, theſe doe torment with care
And vex vs with new ſorrowes, till deſpaire
Surpriſe our minder, our ſolace diſpoſſeſſe,
Making vs obiects of times penſiueneſſe.

Noe ſooner had he ſpied (aye me too ſoone)
The Syren countenance of this ſeeming ſect,
Then incenſe, Cenſor, coales, & all throwne downe,
fixing his eyes on her, ſhowd his intent,
Hauing our heart there where our eyes be bent,
To ſuch a paſſion he in fine was growne,
That he could ſcarcely vouch himſelfe his owne,
But pitching there his campe, his fort, his tent,
Confin'd himſelfe within her element,
For he tranſported was (poore harmleſſe man,)
To *Elizas* Altar from the ſhrine of *Pan*.

Shall I adore (quoth he) a rurall God,
A paſture Saint, a ſheepiſh deitie,
When a more heauenly creature makes abode,
Cheering my comforts in varietie,
Promiſing pleaſures in facietie?

No

No, no, her presence farre more comforts bode
Then *Pan* ere had: too long my feete haue stoode,
Too long my knees haue bow'd (poore *Pan*) to thee
I see a Saint that better pleaseth me.
This said (his incense from his shrine bereft)
Vnto his goddesse goes, the Altar left.

Like to a forward wooer trained long
In louers vowes, and solemne protestations,
He takes her by the hand: and softlie wrong
Her tender pulse, augmenting sundrie passions
Of an vnfained loue (Heauens inuocations)
Making his heart the subiect of his tongue,
His tongue the Herald of euents to come,
Calling the Gods to record his intentions,
And all those aery powers whose blest conuentions
Confirme each action both in heauen and earth,
The fatall end drawne from a fatall birth.

If that I loue not (*honourd queene*) quoth he,
Mirror of beautie, diamond of fame,
If that I euer haue not honourd thee,
And registred the annals of thy name,
And with my deerest blood confirmd the same,
Neuer respect these teares distild from me,
Nor of thy worth let me accepted be.
But if I haue beene faithfull, thinke't no shame
To fix thy loue on me that faithfull am,
For sooner shall the sunne surcease to shine,
Then I surcease to reuerence thy shrine.

See

See in what diuine rites, what sacred hests,
I was distracted, to enioy your loue,
For sincere loue, delaies in loue detests,
Enforc'd the fruites (which he desires) to prooue,
O let me prooue them, so shall griefes remooue,
Their pensiue stations, and afford sweete rest
Vnto my restlesse soule, by thee made blest:
I was brought vp (dere sweete) in *Idas* groue,
Hatch'd in an Aerie, sprung from bowers aboue,
Those bowrs, those flowrs, those showrs ẽ did de-
Frõ *Ioues* pure throne, thy beauty shal de- (scend
(fend.
Those bowers which louely *Adon* did frequent,
Those flowers to which *Narcissus* was transformd
Those liquid showers where *Danae* reapt content,
All in one symptome with one wreath adornd,
To louers vnitie sweete straine conformd,
(For purer straines nere had earths continent,
Then such as descant louers complement)
Where limpe-halt Vulcan too too long soiornd,
With loues contempt portraide, displaied & hornd,
But louers cannot put abuse, nor wrong
Those faithfull vowes which they professed long.

See but this incense how it lost her smell,
See but this censor how it lost her fire,
Which intimates, nought can expresse so well
The feruent passions of our mindes desire,
As beauties presence, which doth still aspire,

To

To aerie mansions from the vault of hell,
For perfect loue all vapors can expell,
And giue the louer due reward, due hire,
Scorning with coward pace to make retire,
Loue is a captaine which obtaines the prise,
Scorning the worst and baleſt enterprise.

But like victorious cheiftaines which encloſe
The ſtrongeſt bullwarkes with continued labour,
Deſpiſing reſt, minds quiet, nights repoſe,
By their renoumed acts to purchaſe fauour,
(Whoſe reſolutions know not how to wauer,
Nor the pale barbour of diſtracted woes,
Know how to feare) euen ſo affection goes,
Till memorie (of Heroes acts engrauer)
Enobled by worths monuments ſhall haue her,
Regiſtring her pure vertures in their ſhrine,
For diuine acts deſerue a throne diuine.

Noe ſteepie mount can be too peering high,
Noe craggie cliffe for loue too intricate,
For ſuch is loue and louers maieſtie,
As its ſecure in euery diſmall ſtate,
Paſſing the iudgement of impartiall ſtate,
Neeret the title of a deitie,
Being the fame which ſhe doth ſeeme to be,
Hating the cauſe of times producing hate,
Ope be her eyes (wide ope) early and late,
Diſcourſing where or how her comforts be,
Taking no reſt to gaine eternitie.

O be not ſelfe conceited (*deareſt loue*)
See but thy image, how it doth deſire
Another image: ayming euer higher,
Till it enioy what it intends to prooue,
Much like the *Turtle* with the *Turtle-doue*
Or like the *Phenix*, who in her owne fire,
Portraies her ſelfe both mother, ſeede and ſire:
Her aſhie vrne her tombe, her flame the groue,
To life infuſd by ſome effects aboue.
Be then the *Phenix*, as in beautie rare,
So be thy actions farre aboue compare.

What better ſutes which beautie then delight?
What better with delight then loues content?
What better with content then cheerefull light?
What better ſutes with light then th'element,
That beſt concords with her? whats that? th'extent
Of pure affection: which expels the night,
And makes vs pleaſant in our louers ſight,
For honeſt louers ſhew their mindes intent,
By outward ſignes; an Incenſe redolent,
In ſincere loue, compoſd of ſundrie links,
Thinkes what ſhe ſpeakes, and ſpeaketh what ſhe thinkes.

Then ſpeake (*deere loue*) let this ſame ſacred place,
Where we be preſent, conſecrate our loues:
Let *Pan* himſelfe confirme our Nuptiall grace,
And all the powerfull Queriſters aboue
Sing cheerefull layes: while our affections moue
Their

Their true Idęas: that illuſtrate race,
From whence you were deriud, quickens my chace
And bids me hope: you cannot chuſe but loue,
Their worth cannot be baſe whoſe births aboue,
Then as thou art erected, let me taſt,
The fruites of loue, when diſcontents be paſt.

For if a faithfull ſhepheard can deſerue,
Meede for his faith: my faith deſerues as much.
How oft haue I thy name deſir'd to carue
In euerie tree? and when I ſought to touch
The tender barke, or rinde, it nere thought much,
But willingly endurd my ſculpture: thus plãts ſerue
Thy bleſt attendance: that they may obſerue,
A module in thy fancie: that is ſuch,
That if they ſhould doe all, yet not too much
can be done to thy ſhrine: if plants doe this,
(If I ſhould not doe more) I did amiſſe.

Since time I knew thee (faireſt of all faires,)
I could not goe, as I was wont to doe
Vnto my paſtures: for ſuch heapes of cares
Poſſeſt my craſie braines, ſurpriſed ſo
With thy affections, that whereſo ere I goe,
Sit, or lie downe, nought of ſweete ioye appeares,
But multitudes of my renewing feares,
Which make me ſleeping wake, thinking of woe,
And then of ioy: thus interpoſd twixt two,
A double forme my ſingle forme partakes,
Now waking ſleepes, & ſleeping ſtraight awakes.

For

For that sweete sleep which cõfort yeelds to others,
Yeeldes a distaste to me: what can be sweete
Where hope is dead? hope is a louing mother,
Banishing sorrow with a silent sleepe,
That feedes the shepheard, and reuiues his sheepe,
Reducing them into one fould together,
But sheepe nor shepherd there's no health to either,
If thou my shephardesse refuse to gather
My dispersst Flocks: and shall denie to keepe
My watching eyes that doe desire to sleepe,
But cannot sleepe, to double paines they are put,
Ope by thy presence, by thy absence shut.

No day nor night can solace yeelde to me,
Both be vnwelcome guests: and whats the cause?
To tell the truth: that day I see not thee (clause,
Seemes farre more darke then night: loue hath no
No limit, nor no bond: loue cannot be
Confinde in bonds, it hates captiuitie:
Meriting honour by diuinest lawes,
As for her action it deserues applause,
O then (deere sweete) be not so soft to show,
So hard to loue: receiue these vowes I owe.

Oft haue I walkd within the *Idalian* grour,
Calling each plant, each blossome to record
The spotlesse vowes of my refined loue:
And euerie plant did seemingly accord
Vnto my vowes: springs did their teares afford,

And

And euery ſenceleſſe rocke did paſſions moue:
Crying I loue, the eccho cried I loue,
For euery accent, accented my word,
A louely concord in a louce diſcord.
If plants, rocks, riuers ſo remorſefull be,
Farre more remorſe I doe expect from thee.

Thy ſubſtance is more heauenly, then diſdaine
Should foile a manſion of ſo pure delight:
Thou ſeeſt me loue, and thou wilt loue againe:
I know thou wilt, thoſe vowes which I haue plight
Cannot but haue reſpect in louers ſight:
Which if thou doe, (beleeue me) ile remaine
As I haue beene a poore well-willing ſwaine,
And with my pipe on euery winter night
Play laies of loue, to further thy delight.
Beleeue me ſweete, and you may thinke it true,
My Flocks vnfollowed are to follow you.

The wanton lambkins frolicke on the plaine,
Skipping and leaping in their floure of youth,
While in a ſecret caue, I ſcarce containe
My ſelfe from teares, and ſo *Melampus* doth,
Poore harmeleſſe curre, for he is very loth
To ſee me ſo deiected: howling amaine,
Prickeard, bleareeyed, yeelds me a dolefull ſtraine,
Of doggrell muſique: thus perplexed both,
Repine to ſee each creature in their grouth,
And we diſmaid, with woes immured ſo,
As others ioyes ſeeme to augment our woe.

Laſt day but one *Amicla* came to me,
And askd the reaſon why I was ſo ſad:
Thou vſd, quoth ſhe, ſo full of mirth to be,
That with thy pipe thou made the paſtures glad,
And was accounted ſtill the cheerefulſt lad
In all our plaine: how coms it then quoth ſhee,
Such ſullen ſuds haue ſo perplexed thee?
Come, come away and leaue thispenſiue ſhade,
For piping, not for pining thou was made,
Come, come I ſay, and quickly follow me,
And ere this downe lets dance it nimbly.

Alas *Amicla*, thus I anſwerd her,
How can I pipe, my rede is out of tune,
How can I dance, that can but hardly ſtirre
My craſie ioints: O no, that time is done,
Nor wil't hereafter (much I doubt it) come
To ioy my doleſull life, or ere appeare,
To end my griefes that eccho euery where,
For griefes ſpeake loudeſt when the ſpeech is dõbe
Engroſing daily ſtill a greater ſumme.
Leaue me *Amicla*, how can I recite,
My wonted meaſures that has broke my pipe?

Broken thy pipe? Ile mend it (ſweete) quoth ſhe,
And make it tune with more delightfull meaſure
Then ere it did: lend but thy pipe to me:
I lent it her, that I in part might pleaſe her,
But it plaid tuneleſſe ſtill: not could it eaſe her,

Deſcanting

Descanting discords: sadder harmonie
Nere did I heare of sage *Melpomene*:
It knew his Maisters straine, not all the treasure
Of Tagus golden oare, no time, no leasure,
Had either I or my poore pipe to play,
For thoughts of loue had tane all ioyes away.

Amicla when she saw it would not be, (downe,
Threw downe my pipe, for it was soone thowne
And with quicke pace away departed she,
While I despised, of my selfe lay downe
Vnder a shadie beech well ouer growne,
With broad-spred brauches which did shadow me,
But not obscure the loue I bare to thee;
Calling the heauens to witnesse, and mine owne,
Mine own poore bleting flocks! my loue was shown
Not in assemblance, but so really, (thee.
That nought seem'd sweete which did not tast of

Thy breath a perfume, and thy voice a tone,
Of perfect concords: thy bright eye a starre,
Thy mouth an *Hyblemount*, thine armes a throne,
Thy teeth a pearly cordon, thy pure haire
Tramels of purest gould, where lodged are
Those three admired graces, all in one,
As if they ment there to reside alone:
Thy browes like Beacons, where we see afarre
Adioyning places, mannagements of warre,
Breefely, noe part thou hast from top to toe,
But may be askt why nature made it so?

And straight it answers: Nature made me thus,
To be a mirrour past all imitation,
Sith choicest colours my proportion chuse,
A beauteous frame formd of the best creation,
That after times might make more full relation,
What they haue seene proportioned in vs
And leaue records of it: that euery muse,
If pregnant, may discourse to euery Nation,
A perfect module made for recreation,
But for no humane creature; such as loue vs,
Must come frō heauē, & plāt their throne aboue vs

O tell me then (deere loue) if so it be,
Humane affections cannot worthie seeme,
By their intentiue minds to honour thee,
And therefore iustly haue condemned beene,
To gaze out that which should be rarely seene,
For such as thou art, oft reserued be,
Not for Earths frame, but for æternitie:
Tell me but this (and by this kisse) I meane
Nere to repaire vnto thy shrine againe,
Or ere make suite (as here I doe professe)
To be thy shepherd, thou my shepherdesse.

When poore *Berillus* finisht had his lute,
Looking for answer at *Elizas* hand,
Pans Priest came in, and put *Berillus* out,
Onely thus much well might he vnderstand,
That he was lou'd of her, but th'Priests command

(All

(Ill fall such shaueling) euer went about,
Hearing their amorous stories to roote out
Their pure affections: mouing with his wand,
Or *sacra virga*, that they should descend,
And leaue loues passions to another place,
For in *Pans* Temple loue can haue no grace.

The forelorne Shepheard went same way he came,
Sad and dejected, yet with hope releeued,
Thinking by absence to quench out the flame,
Which daily made encrease: being depriued
Of those blest meanes, by which we are reuiued,
Hope the best Anchor which supports our flame,
Made this poore shepherd to pursue his game,
Hoping by such effects as he contriued,
To haue his ioyes renewd: but was deceaued,
For where he thought to finde contétment most,
In that same place he was the greatliest croft.

For from that time nere could he see his dere,
Kept as it seem'd for *Pan*, or for his *Priest*,
For this same shaueling euer would be there,
Desiring (lustfull prelate) there to feast,
Where she remaind: for he has oft confest,
That he has wisht himselfe transformed were
Into some slender creature, to appeare
At all times to *Eliza*: who thought least
Of such a wanton votarie: heauens detest,
Such vow infringing masse priests whose professió
Collects a reason out of each suspition.

Farewell *Eliza*, if thou liue so long,
As to repent thee of thy breach of faith,
I doe not doubt but thou'l confesse the wrong
Which thou hast done me, and abiure that breath,
Which thou exhal'd, adiudging me to death,
By that remorseleſſe heart, that *Syren* tongue,
Which (if thou liu'ſt) will ſing another ſong:
Take heede, the ſword's drawne frō the ireſull ſheath,
And inbred horror creepeth vnderneath.
Whom thou affecteſt moſt, affects thee leaſt,
Hating thy Swaine to take thee to thy Prieſt.

But if god *Pan* knew how his ſwaines were vſd,
By ſuch as offer to him ſacrifice,
I know full well he would redreſſe th'abuſe,
And ſaue our honour from ſuch Prieſts as theſe,
Who fill his Temple with impieties,
Wronging the ſincere thoughts of each of vs,
Which cannot merit in the heauens excuſe:
Small faults with Saints be great enormities,
Shrines that are pure become pure deities,
But ile ſurceaſe, griefes make my muſe ſurceaſe:
Encreaſe of lines giue to my woes encreaſe.

To Eliza.

A sonnet.

IF faire *Eliza* thou that I haue lou'd,
And vowd more sacred hests vnto thy shrine
Then any loue that ere profest him thine,
Haue but my poems by thy selfe approu'd,
O to what blessed, vnexpected clime
Am I transported by this muse of mine?
But if thou frowne, contract thy brow and loure,
Ile neuer handle this rude pencile more.

I haue not *Zeuxes* hand to paint thy shape,
But I could wish to graue within thy mound
Some quaint deuise, where if I once were found,
I know no feature of his liuely grape
Could me exceede: for I haue learnd the ground
Of that deepe art, albeit most profound.
Be thou the module of that curious frame,
That my impression may adorne the same.

Adorne? deforme thou saiest: poore poesie,
Cannot content *Elizas* Nuptials,

Shee's of a lighter straine, her festiuals
Sound and resound with purer harmonie:
She cannot brooke the sullen *Saturnals*
That mixe our inyes with gladnesse: *Iuuenals*,
Best like *Eliza*: and they would like me,
If I were *Iuuenall* to sing to thee.

Thy affectionate swaine
Pans poorest herdsman.

In Arui pascua distichon.

Pastor eram gelidis discumbens montibus Arui,
Ibi me langues amor montis, amore tui.

To Dorinda. Elegie. I.

THe soaring Eagle stouping to allure,
Too base a lure (god wot) for such a bird,
Was soone depriu'd of that he thought most sure,
At which strange hap the Eagle much admird,
To be debard of that he least desird,
Wherefore oppresst with furie there he swore,
Descend he would to such base lures no more.

Art thou not borne (quoth he) of royall race,
Hatching thy Aerie in the wildernesse?
And wilt thou then that auncient house disgrace,
Soiling thy glory with such filthinesse,

Which

Which would eclipse thy priſtine worthineſſe?
O fie for ſhame let ſuch vnworthies be, (thee.
Whoſe worthles parts will ſhame thine houſe and

Thy Father was a Prince, thou art his ſonne,
For with thy pearcing eyes canſt thou behold
The glorious luſtre of the cheerefull ſun,
Fruitfull as ſpringtime, not to bondage ſould,
Building thy neaſt in clymates far from cold,
Flie to the Cedar; let this muſhrome be,
For higher plants will better nouriſh thee.

Thoſe ſparkling eies of thine which ſhine ſo bright,
Clad with the flames of *Phœbus* regiment,
Cannot immantled be in pitchie night,
But aime at ſome more gracious element,
Sunne ſeldome ſhines on ſuch baſe excrement,
Then as thou ſoar'd by nature, ſo let are
In thine aſpiring thoughts ſuſtaine a part.

Nomine paſtoris mellita poemata fundit
Aquila——vt infra ſequitur.

What pleſant poems haue come from my bill,
Whoſe ſweete reſounding made the eccoes ring,
In fields and ſhades where ſiluer ſtreames diſtill,
Where *Philomell* her ſelfe was wont to ſing,

Downe

Downe by the current of *Sabinas* ſpring,
Shall then my breſt which tund ſo pleſantly,
Be matchd with ſuch a tuneleſſe Harmonie?

In poeſem Encomion.

Should *Hybles* ſacred art of poeſie,
Leeſe her horizon in the throne of heauen,
Since it hath beene profeſt by deitie,
Vnto the muſes in *Pernaſſus* giuen,
A place frequented on each *Satyres* euen,
Where *Satyres* danc't & *Syluanes* in their order,
With all the rites that *Hymen* could afford her.

Then thou thrice bleſt profeſſion, which remaines
A ſolace to the minde, the earths content,
That doubles our night tasks with treble gaines,
Affording vſe of louers complement,
The load-ſtarre which directs our regiment,
Neither ſhall pleaſure profit or delight,
Depriue me the fruition of thy ſight.

To Dorinda.

The bird *Erodius* for her louely broode,
Sends out a ſhower of teares perpetually,

And

And she by natures prescript is allowed
To mourne for her deiected progenie,
Parents with children make one sympathie.
Why should not I doe this for her and more,
Whose hallowed shrine my thoughts did ere a-
(dore?
Thou fairest Queene that sits on *Idas* mount,
Vouchsafe to take this poem I present,
And this my muse shall be deuoted still,
Vnto thine heauenly statue which was sent
From *Ione* aboue vnto this continent,
Protect my silly labour and receiue
Vnto thy cell, this little that I haue.

Alas what fortune crost my birth day first,
When fates themselues denied me better meanes,
To gratifie my loue? whose quenchlesse thirst,
In midst of streames, for liquid streames complains,
That her poore trauaile can produce no gaines,
Vnto thy diuine Altar; which shall smell, (tell.
With mirrhe & hymns the Nimphs themselues shal

Amor vt odor.

——redolentia semina mittit-quisquis amat.

Bring me some odors for my louely queene,
And fragrant posies for my shepherdesse:
A fairer spring-time neuer shall be seene

For

For worth becomes *Dorindas* worthineſſe,
Pipe will I ſtill for I can doe no leſſe,
And when my pipe is broken I will take
A ſhrillet pipe for my *Dorindas* ſake.

Paſtor paſce boues, mea fiſtula cantet amores, &c.

Take out that reed, it doth not pleaſe my loue,
It is too ſlow a ſtraine for her ſwift courſe,
She loues not that which will not quickly moue,
And cuts the aire like to a foaming horſe,
That runs his ſtation with a vehement courſe,
Such ſteeds would well beſeeme my lady queene
That runs her courſer with an eaſie reine.

Sic mea laxatis currit habenis
Hippodame equis: quorum ſpumantia frenis
colla torquet.
——et tu tibi Myrtile fatu
dignare ſeſers.——ibid.

To Dorinda. Elegie. 2.

Diſdainefull girle that hates thy louer moſt,
Playing the tyrant with thy beauteous face,
Seeming as wonne, when thou art neereſt loſt,
Clouding thy beautie with a foule diſgrace,
Since blacke diſdaine enioyes the cheefeſt place,
Conceiue remorſe, leſt thou remorſeleſſe die
Thine acts the authors of thy miſerie.

How

How manie times and oft haue I profesd
Vnto thy beautie ceremoniall loue?
What vowes, what hests haue beene by me expresd
Farre more then *Adon* in *Idalias* groue,
More then the solemne hests of Turtle doue?
The verie Pellicane is not more true
Vnto her brood, then I would be to you.

Yet thou contemns my loue, and in despite
Of me and of my loue, fleeres in my face:
O will not heauen this crueltie requite,
And dispossesse thee of an Angels place?
Grac'd with more beauty then with beauties grace,
Expect reuenge for heauens reueng'd will be
Of such vow-breaking miscreants as thee.

Wast not enough to scorne me for my want,
But thou must cherish me with fained loue;
And then triumph, and ore my ruins taunt?
In constant minion that doest change and moue
The ball of thy affection, to approue,
Some goulden Asse perchance that will admire
Not halfe so much thy selfe, as thy attire.

Some goulden calfe of *Horeb* will appeare,
First of his house: decended from a bagg
Of rustie gould, and he will call thee dere
Respectiue Ladie: then his head hee'l wagge,
And sweare by t'e cowpin of his summer-nag
He loues thee derely, thou must be his bride;
Since store of angels guard him on each side.

Thou

Thou muſt haue waxen tapers wrought in gould,
Thy beads of pureſt Amber earth can yeeld,
Thou muſt not tread vpon polluted mould,
Nor walke abroad into the open field,
Without thine eſtridge taile to be thy ſhield,
Thy drinke muſt *Nectar* be, and thou muſt eate
Such meate, as for thy diuine powers is meete.

Thy ruſticke groome that talks of ſaluing ſheepe,
Of wether-gals, and of the next yeeres dearth,
Will thee *Derinda* like a Ladie keepe,
And feede thee with the daintics of the earth,
Repleniſhed with paſtures yeelding mirth:
For euery ſhepherd with his ſhepherds crooke,
Will ſtriue who may moſt on thy beautie looke.

Heere will be *Mopſus* with his wainescot face,
There *Damon* with his truſſ will thee attend,
Then will old *Aemon* come with wearie pace,
And *Melibeus* hee's thy husbands friend,
Leaning vpon his ſtaffe, will homeward lend
For ſome meane gift, ſome cheeſe cake to diuide
Amongſt the bride-maids & their courtly bride.

Among the reſt thy *Vulcane* will be there,
Smeered with ſeacole, comely for his color,
And will begin to tie thy glittering haire
In treſſes of pure gould: which are made fowler

By

By his irreuerend hands: where ſome controler
Will curbe his bouldneſſe: am I bould (quoth he)
To touch thoſe haires that doe belong to me?

No minion, no, you muſt not now partake
The gaudie faſhions of a giddie braine,
But you muſt leaue them for your husbands ſake,
And vſe thoſe tender parts to rurall paine,
To yeeld vnto your ſpouſe a double gaine,
For reſt aſſur'd *Dorinda* there be ſome,
Doe marrie you for after hopes to come.

And be reſolu'd though ſuch proteſt they louc,
Calling the heauens to record: they will be
Such as *perfidious Tereus*: and will proue
The verie ruine of your progenie,
And bring your ſtate in time to miſerie:
Then will you wiſh (but wiſhes come too late)
You had but wiſt the end of your eſtate.

But why *Dorinda* ſhould I mention thee?
Why ſhould I name *Dorinda*, that's vntrue,
A faith infringer, who affected me
And then forſooke me; how ſhould I renew,
the ſad memoriall which I had of you?
But with a penſiue heart, a ſigh, a grone,
To intimate how I am left alone.

Come

Come all ye wood-gods and adorne my brow,
With a poore willow garland, to expresse
The liuely colors of a tragicke show,
The true proportion of my penfiuenesse,
Remote from comfort, fraught with heauinesse,
Where we will sing, though singing be vnfit,
And euery wood-nimph shall shed teares to it.

Come to my cell, and we will goe together,
Vnto *Dorindas* Nuptials, where will be
Great store of rurall swaines com'd flocking thither
A perfect relish of sweete harmonie:
Where we may well *Dorindas* beautie see:
And see her dance laualto in that measure,
As needes must yeelde to all contented pleasure.

And I haue friends there that will helpe to place
Vs, in a roome contented, to suruiew,
The polisht colors of her curious face,
Which though they doe my penfiue woes renew
Yet am I blest in that transparent shew
Of glorie and renowme, which ioind together
Enforce all shepherds to come flocking thether.

Thus will we talke and prattle of her beautie,
VVith *Epithetes* well fitting her deserts,
And I will render to her shrine my ductie,

VVith

With offer of my loue and of my heart,
Of which ſhe doth poſſeſſe the cheifeſt part:
That ſhe would daine for to accept that priſe,
We conſecrate to her tranſpercing eies.

In laudem Dorindæ: per Antiphraſen.

She is the mirror and the type of fame,
If that a blemiſh did not daze her light,
But that one blot doth much empaire the ſame,
And hath obſcur'd the ſplendor of her ſight:
The ſcope ſhe aimes at is not aimd aright,
If that one ſoile did not ecclips the reſt,
She might be well reputed, *worldes beſt.*

———*Te Roma aligine cæcam*
efficit inſequitur fugientem Roma Dorindam,
vid. Mant & Luc. in Fragment.

O what content haue I conceau'd in thee
My ſweete *Dorinda?* what a ſugred ſmile,
A lippe of comfort reliſh'd pleaſantly,
An eie that would the prudent'ſt thoughts beguile?
O with what character, or in what ſtile
Shall I deſcribe thy feature glorious Saint,
Made of the moſt refined element?

Thē iudge what wound it was ſurpriſ'd mine hart.
When thou proſcribd me from thy cherefull court,

And with contracted brow bad me depart,
From that repoſe where comforts make reſort:
The birds themſelues that heard can make report:
For manie time ſince I tooke leaue of thee,
The birds themſelues ſung dirges ouer me.

Recall to minde the time, the place, the words,
For I haue cauſe for to remember them,
And then conceaue what ſorrow they afford,
What cauſe I haue for to ſurrender them
Into thy hands, that firſt did tender them,
O be not ſo hard-hearted, well I wot,
Thou canſt not anſwer that thou knoweſt thē not.

O that ſo weake defectiue elements,
Veſſels of frailtie ſhould inſult ore ſtrength,
That gould ſhould be preſt downe by excrements,
Or womans power extended to that length,
That men (as clergie men) haue but the tenth
Of their affections in you, and receiue
Leſſe comfort in your bed, then in your graue.

O what vnhappie planet did attend,
The firſt arriuall of mine hapleſſe foote,
Or what diſcomforts did the furies ſend
To make me runne a courſe ſo farre abour,
With no more thanks then if I ran it not?
O fruitleſſe labour, for what labour lighter
Thē waſh the *Æthyope* that is nere made whiter?

Much

Much haue I read of beautie, more of guile,
Which like a ſnake lies in the tender graſſe,
The baine whereof her glorie doth defile,
And lies interd, as that, which neuer was,
Or like a gliding ſtreame whoſe courſe doth paſſe,
And paſſing, cuts both hill and flowrie plaine,
Scorning by nature to returne againe.

But thou condemn'ſt me for ſome careleſſe words,
In that I was reſpectleſſe of thy loue:
O doe not forge vnkindeneſſe, that affords
More ſorrow to my heart, then heauens aboue,
Or fatall *Eris* in her ſtigian groue,
What I haue ſpoke I pray thee ſpeake no more,
And Ile recant what I haue ſaid before.

Inioyne me penance, I will vndertake,
Alcydes labours to obtaine your loue,
Clyming the Alps for my beloued ſake,
So you diſtruſt from your hard-heart remoue,
And of my faith inuiolate approue:
For be aſſur'd I nere my loue did ſhew
To your eſtate, but loue I bore to you,

But why runne I aſtray ſo farre remote
From that celeſtiall ſcope I aimed at:
I loue my loue, and yet ſhe knoweth not,
Or will not know my minds perplex'd eſtate,
Thoſe great diſtractions I conceiu'd of late,

And with contracted brow bad me depart,
From that repoſe where comforts make reſort:
The birds themſelues that heard can make report:
For manie time ſince I tooke leaue of thee,
The birds themſelues ſung dirges ouer me.

Recall to minde the time, the place, the words,
For I haue cauſe for to remember them,
And then conceaue what ſorrow they afford,
What cauſe I haue for to ſurrender them
Into thy hands, that firſt did tender them,
O be not ſo hard-hearted, well I wot,
Thou canſt not anſwer that thou knoweſt thē not.

O that ſo weake defectiue elements,
Veſſels of frailtie ſhould inſult ore ſtrength,
That gould ſhould be preſt downe by excrements,
Or womans power extended to that length,
That men (as clergie men) haue but the tenth
Of their affections in you, and receiue
Leſſe comfort in your bed, then in your graue.

O what vnhappie planet did attend,
The firſt arriuall of mine hapleſſe foote,
Or what diſcomforts did the furies ſend
To make me runne a courſe ſo farre about,
With no more thanks then if I ran it not?
O fruitleſſe labour, for what labour lighter
Thē waſh the *Æthyope* that is nere made whiter?

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Or will not know my minds perplex'd eſtate,
Thoſe great diſtractions I conceiu'd of late,

She will not loue, ſhe cannot like a ſwaine,
Who once repulſ'd can make no ſute againe,

VVell then ſurceaſe, and let this doleſull Ode
Abridge the web of thy extracted griefe,
Take vp thy ſhepheards crooke, make no abode,
This barraine paſture yeelds thee no reliefe,
But riuolets of teres whereof it's chiefe:
Then bid farewell to this diſaſter groue,
To *Cupids* arrowes, and the queene of loue.

Lumine qui ſemper proditur ipſe ſuo.

Yet when I talke of *Cupid* and his bow,
The queene of loue that from mount *Ida* came,
Some more affecting paſſions I muſt ſhow,
And paraphraſe vpon *Dorindas* name:
Where though I bluſh, for I am full of ſhame,
Yet in my bluſh, I ſeeme to repreſent,
The beautie of my loues faire continent.

And when I looke me in the diſmall glaſſe,
Where face redarts a face, me thinks I ſee,
The ſplendor of *Dorindas* comely face,
Where with her ſmile ſhe doth encounter mē,
And driues my ſences to that extaſie:
That I in *Lethe* droun'd, as all forgotten,
Lets the glaſſe fall, and ſo my glaſſe is broken.

Then

Then am I eas'd, depriu'd of that I lou'd,
Oppreſt with ſleepe yet cannot ſleepe at all,
Till the remainders of my glaſſe remou'd,
VVhich were diſperſt by their vntimely fall,
For they (an ecco like) doe ſeeme to call
And rouſe me from my reſt, ſurpriſ'd which care,
And reſt of reſt, declining to deſpaire.

It may be (my *Dorinda*) if you wed,
Some ſplay-foot'd *Vulcan* you muſt make recourſe,
Too too vnwilling, to a loathed bed,
Whereas diſtaſtefull pleaſure hath no force,
But mixt with ſorrow and with deepe remore:
Heare me (*Dorinda*) theſe few hymns ſhall tell
That though you loath me, yet I wiſh you well.

Diue to the verie bottome of your heart,
And ſee the idiome of your louer there,
An indigeſted lumpe compoſ'd of art,
Where natures gifts did neuer yet appeare,
Where folly firſt her banner ſeem'd to reare,
An harſh diſtempred humour ſhowen in him,
A *Brillus* wit, and a *Therſytes* limme.

But hee's religious: he can dirges ſay,
And has our ladies pſalter all by heart:
He is modeſt, rich, and will each morning pray,
As if he had his prayers compoſd by art,
What you ſuſtaine he euer beares a part:

Nay more, to purchaſe your reſpectiue fauour,
Hee'l take himſelfe to any cotqueanes labour.

Indeede *Alcydes* for his *Omphale*,
Paſt many perils much degenerate
From former glorie, priſtine dignitie,
Which euer made attendance on his ſtate,
Too much obſcur'd by infamie of hate,
For he to win a queene did then begin,
To teaſe his wooll, to card and eke to ſpinne.

——*Et qui reges vicit, grandes labores egit.*
victus amore cecidit:
Qui clauum, lanam exercet: ibid:

Nec nouit mentem comprimere,
qui tanta fecit. vid Senec.

Each morne would he his taske impoſed haue,
Which in a womans habit he perform'd,
And all to purchaſe her whom he did craue,
With curious roabes & precious gemmes adorn'd,
With whom in this diſguiſe he long ſoiorn'd,
Till his long abſence had his ruine wrought,
By *Neſſus* blood, long time by *Neſſus* ſought.

Neſſus

——Neſſus hos ſtruxit dolos:
cruore tincta eſt pallia ſemiferi (pater)
Neſſuſque nunc has exigit pœnas ſibi.
——Et Oetæum Nemus
ſuſcipiat, ignis, Herculem accipiat rogus.
Senec: in Oetæ: Hercul.

Beleeue me (faire *Dorinda*) if that loue
Conſiſt in oriſons, I muſt confeſſe,
Reaſon you haue your fancie to remoue,
Since heauens forgiue, frequent I nothing leſſe,
Nor can I loue by ſolemne praiers expreſſe.
Hymns, paſtorals, and pleaſant laies beſeeme,
Rather then oriſons ſo faire a Queene.

If *Hero* had *Leanders* forme affected,
For rites or ceremonies conſecrate
Vnto the powers aboue: ſhe had reſpected
The Temple more to *Iuno* dedicate,
And had diſtempred luſt in greater hate,
But ſhe deuoted was vnto his ſhrine,
For carnall pleaſures, not for heſts diuine.

What comfort can a beauteous maide conceaue
In contemplation, ſince the practike part
Better accords with her, and ſhe doth craue
A ſoueraigne ſalue to cure her wounded heart,
Which cannot be perform'd by men of art,
For learned *Sophiſters* may reaſon well,
But what will pleaſe your ſexe they cannot tell.

Thus therefore praiſe I, and yet diſcommend,
This harſh, yet ſober kinde of ſpeculation,
That frames her engine to a fruitleſſe end,
About heauens motion and *Spheres* eleuation,
Yet cannot make her vſe of recreation:
VVherefore it's fruitleſſe, and a barraine ſeede
That loues to grow alone, and hates to breede.

Renoumed ladie, leaſt I wrong your eares
VVith the diſtaſtfull temper of my pen,
My muſe her ſelfe from further courſe forbeares,
To ſhadow out your vertues to ſuch men,
As liue obſcured in obliuions den.
This therefore I haue writ to blaſe your name,
And not through hate for to eeclips the ſame.

Sooner ſhall *Phœbus* leaue his iuorie carre,
And giue his regiment to *Phaeton*:
Sooner ſhall *Mars* that powerfull god of warre
Retire in peace, and loue to lie alone:
Sooner ſhall *Syſiphus* to rowle his ſtone
Surceaſe, then I ſurceaſe to empall your daies
VVith poets wreaths, the laurell and the baies.

To Dorinda, ſucceſſiue Nuptials.

Et quis me retulit laurea dignum,
Qui nequeo digna laude Dorindam
euehere ad aſtra? &c. in eleg. lib. 3.

Pureſt Nimph that *Hyble* bred,
With *Ambroſia* nouriſhed,
Beauties glorie, natures mirror,
Heauens bleſt *Trophie*, worldes terror,
Nature made thee and thy feature
As it ſeemes to put downe nature,
Moſt admir'd, when moſt deiected,
Humble moſt, when moſt erected.

Ladie *Flora* with her beautie,
Tenders thee her vigin duetie:
Hymen too, doth chaplets carrie
To adorne him thou doeſt marrie:
Gods of all ſorts haue deſcended,
And their bounties haue extended,
Some with roſes mix'd full ſweetely,
Some with ſpikenard came to greete thee.

Nere

Nere was marriage day ſo graced,
Since by *Hymen* all are placed,
As ſweete flowers ſet in a border,
Gods and goddeſſes in order,
There ſits *Ioue* with *Iuno* Queene,
Here *Diana* clad in greene,
Here god *Mars* that heroe ſtour,
Here crabd. *Vulcanes* limping foote.

Here ſat *Venus* ſmouth as doune
In a purple veluet goune:
There *Minerua* whoſe deſeruing
Had a laurell for her learning:
Here aboue their heads did flie,
With winged ſpeed God *Mercurie*:
Æolus at laſt did come,
But for winde there was no roome.

Neptune from his liquid cell,
Bad the ſeas and ſtormes farewell:
Nereus no more would ſwimme
In his ſtreames, but follow'd him:
Thus all meeting, ioy appeared,
Well with wine their hearts were cheered,
Till their wine to ſleepe reſolued,
Made theſe Nuptials be diſſolued.

Helicons poore inhabitant

Aſtraas

Astræas farewell to Dorinda.

Farewell *Dorinda*, we muſt now no more
Talke of our maiden pleaſures we haue had,
Nor ſit along vpon the ſiluer ſhore,
Sighing and puling, calling on that lad,
That purblinde *Cupid*, that did wound vs ſore:
Which made vs penſiue, ſo perplext and ſad,
That we with ſolemne proteſtations ſwore
To be reueng'd: that he himſelfe might know,
Though he could ſhoote, yet we could breake his (bow.
How oft and many times haue we two walk'd
In that ſame flourie Mede, which doth adioine
Thy fathers houſe, and haue ſecurely talk'd?
Where hauing nought to doe, we vſ'd to proine
The poppie braunches, which did then exalt, (bine
Their tops too high: where we would ſtraight com-
Thoſe bloſſoms we had cropt laying together,
Our heapes in one which had bene lopt by either.

But now that vernant ſpring is paſt and gon,
And diſmall winter with his hoarie brow
Sits on my cheeke, that thus am left alone:
That Stem ſhows withred leaues, that erſt did ſhow,
Fruites that deſerued to be look'd vpon,
Which barrennes was firſt procur'd by you,
But ile not blame you: you haue loſt your mate,
But you haue changed for a better ſtate.

Haue

Haue me commended vnto *Hymens* bower,
Tell him I wiſh he would come viſit me,
And if I doe reſiſt his ſacred power
Let me of after ioyes excluded be:
Too long I feare I keepe a mellow flower,
Which once thou had'ſt, but now is gone frō thee,
Beleeue me ſweete *Dorinda*, I diuine,
Ere many daies my ſtate muſt anſwer thine.

Which if it doe, our former thoughts of loue,
So well repreſſed in ſo equall bounds,
VVe once ſhall make repaire vnto that groue
Where penſiue paſſions firſt receiu'd their groūds,
And make a foole of that ſame Ape of loue
By whom we once endured manie wounds:
But now preſeru'd, redeem'd, enioying either,
Admire our equall ſtates, enuied of neither.

To Eliza, a paſtorall Hymne.

——*Et ortum referre iuuat:*
Inclita domus alta trophæa petit,
Non minus genere preripiens decus,
quam forma nitida laudes diſpergens ſuas. ibid.

Mounſeur de Tygres, man of great eſtate,
Had but one daughter, whom he did eſteeme:

Whoſe

Whoſe front confronting beautie, *Veſus* ſate,
And all thoſe graces which we gracious deeme,
Then which a rarer ſight was neuer ſeene,
Since beautie loſt her beautie and decaied
In *Idas* mount: as I haue heard it ſaid.

Her haire like *Phœbus* raies diſparcling gould,
Sent ſuch a luſtre where ſhe paſſed by,
That ſome haue thought as I haue heard it told,
Faire *Cytheraas* traine approched nie:
Such was the vertue of her piercing eie,
And ſome that dwelt neere to *Elyſa* ſaie,
The nights ſhe walk'd on ſeem'd as light as day.

Many poore ſwaines would noſegaies ſweet cõpoſe
Of eglantine, the daſie, and the dill,
Which they did conſecrate: and ſhe would chooſe
Some flower among the reſt which ſhe kept ſtill
In her ambroſian boſome, where an hill
Of ſweeter flowers and branches ſeem'd to be,
Then any mount or groue in *Heſperie*.

Yet of this beautie nature had beſtow'd,
She was not proud, but of that humble ſtraine,
As by her modeſt bluſh more faire ſhe ſhow'd,
Then to be courted by a countrie ſwaine,
Of farre more worth then paſtures could containe:
For ſhe was faire, ſo faire and full of fauour,
As *Pan* the ſhephard-god made ſute to haue her.

But

But *Pans* tann'd skinne paued not with her ſmoth
She better ſeem'd to be *Apolloes* Queene, (downe,
The ſeedes of vertue were ſo fully growen
Vertue her ſelfe might take her for her theame:
Deriued ſure from ſome celeſtiall ſtreame:
For ſuch a ſtreame diſtreamd fro̅ her pure minde
Of gracious gifts, that like it's hard to finde.

This beauties mirror grac'd with ſuch a feature,
Had a more luſtre, then that countrie ſwaine,
Or any rurall hogge or homebred creature,
Could hope by their deſerts ere to attaine,
Such precious Iewels muſt be got by paine,
Where euery tripping Satyre can ſupplie
A decent meaſure in loues ſymmetrie.

This gracious Queene fram'd for a higher court,
VVas by a poet ſuted: but his pen
Seem'd too too rude for her, whoſe ſpread report
Had driuen an admiration in all men,
And ſacred wood-gods that ſuruiued then,
VVherefore (as coy) this poet ſhe did ſcorne,
And eke the wreath which did his head adorne.

Shall I (quoth ſhe) a rithmer entertaine,
A comicke ieſter to my Nuptiall bed,
The harſh-diſcordant tunes of euery ſwaine,
To be with ends of poems nouriſhed,
Or with a vaine phantaſtique humor fed?

O no, I cannot brooke the laurell wreath,
Or marrie ſuch as loue to ſell their breath.

I am not borne of that dejected ſtemme,
Nor haue I my beginning from that roote,
That I ſhould match my ſelfe with worthleſſe men,
Or in a bed of poems ſet my foote,
VVhere loue enuiron'd is with feare and doubt,
Prophets and poets they can write and ſing,
But women they affect another thing.

It is not laies ſung in *Dianas* groue,
Nor of *Aſtraas* beautie can procure,
The height of our affection or our loue:
Nor can our ſweete reſpect with them endure,
VVho liue as if they were of loue ſecure.
Maids are not pleaſ'd with fruitleſſe contemplatiõ
But leaues the knowledge, loues their recreation.

This my poſition is, nor will I yeelde
Vnto the fickle iudgement of the vaine,
Who ſeeke to winne me, yet muſt loſe the field:
That labour's loſt which doth produce no gaine:
Nere can I loue a poets wanton ſtraine,
For this I finde, they that of loue write beſt,
In actions of true loue can doe the leaſt.

Mounſeur de Tygres hearing what ſhe ſaid,
VVas well content, for he no poet lou'd:

And

And therefore (as it seem'd full of delaied
Th'effecting of their loues at first approu'd,
VVhich by some accident at last remou'd:
And therefore in all hast tooke hold of time,
Belike for to extract his daughters line.

This thus resolu'd (for she was well resolu'd)
Mounseur de Tygres did a contract make
With young *Gastylio*: who in nets inuolu'd
Part for himselfe, and partly for her sake,
In weale and woe his mistris state partakes:
As it was fit, for fitting it should be,
That man and wife haue one communitie.

Both did adore one Idole, both repair'd
Vnto one Saint; set in a gorgeous shrine,
Which Romane pompe left it should be impair'd,
Talking of rites, they cal'd them most diuine:
Whose columns framed loosingwise did shine
With burning Tapers on their Altars hung:
Vnder the staires whereof the *Flamines* sung.

And least I should defraud you of that state
Which so transparently appear'd to all
In those solemnis'd rites, Ile explicate,
How, when, and where, these mariage hests befell:
Which thus in briefe I doe intend to tell:
That you may show in after-times to come,
No rites more solemne then the rites of Rome.

Si nec amare licet, licuit cantare Potæ:
Si non authorem diligis, acta legas.

Elizaes mariage day with all Romane celebritie ſolemniſed: with *the Muſes ſalutes, and Graces* ſeuerall gifts.

Sic mea Romano ceciniſſe camæna cothurno
Gaudeat, et Veneris pignora chara ſua.

Elizaes nuptialls ſo long expected,
Now were approaching, where in ſolemne ſort
Each thing was plaſt, as if th'æthereall court
Whoſe diamantine walls the Gods protected
Had been there preſent: for all was effected
With ſuch reſpect, as fame would come far ſhort
In her relation: yet I meane to ſhew
Th'Epitome of this great worke to yow.

A curious Table made of citre wood,
Spred ore with tiſſue, well imbrodered,
With ſtore of dainty cates repleniſhed,
Where on a row the ſacred Muſes ſtood
Singing a ſong of Hebe deifide, (flood,
Was there drawen forth. Next that there ſeemd a
Of faire Sea-nimphs, for Nimphs they ſeemd to be
Bathing their milke white skins deliciouſly.

They ſung a ſong of Neptune to the ſhore,
The ſhore reſounding with a ſweet conſent:
The like whereof was ſildome heard before,
That Nimphs, whoſe glory is moſt eminent,
Should deigne to grace with their diuiner power
The feaſts of mortall men: baſe continent
For ſuch bleſt feet to walke on: yet they came
From ſea to earth to ſpread *Elizaes* name.

Next thoſe, admired graces tooke their place,
Richly enthroned as their worth deſerued:
With eies reflected on *Elizaes* face,
As if loue ſicke, for ſo the moſt obſerued:
Wiſhing (vaine wiſh) ſhe were their fellow grace
For now ſhe was no fellow: for they ſerued
In all ſubiection to her, and would take
Taſks ill befitting graces for her ſake.

Ile giue thee (quoth *Thalia*) vtterance
A hony dropping tongue which ſhall diſſolue
The marble hearts of men: ſweet eloquence
Whoſe powerfull vertue ſhall each doubt reſolue
And match thy beauty with the excellence
Of diuine beauty: what thou ſhalt reuolue
In thy cloſe breſt ſhall be performd by thee,
Making thee honord for a deity.

Ile giue thee (quoth *Aglaia*) pure inuention
To paſſe the ſpheres with apprehenſiue wings

Crowning

Crowning the iſſue of thy bleſt intention
With wreaths more glorious then victorious kings
Or *Heroes* ere receau'd, quicke apprehenſion
Shall bleſſe thy memory with the happieſt things
Th'auſpicious hand of Fortune can procure:
For whom the graces grace, muſt needs be ſure.

And I will giue (ſaid graue *Euphroſine*)
The poiſe of nature iudgement to approue
Or diſaproue as it beſt liketh thee,
To iudge twixt hate and mind attractiue loue:
The ſageſt braine deriues her wit from me,
Rapt with the infuſion of the powers aboue:
Thus ſhalt thou be adornd with graces feature,
To make thee heauenly of an earthly creature.

Thus made a goddeſſe by the ſacred powers,
Whoſe glorious ſcepters ſway the ocean,
And this ſame maſſie frame this earth of yours,
With all the beauty of your little man:
Wherein at firſt vertues pure ſprings began
With pearly drops of ſoule-bedewing ſhowers:
To rinſe our Errors: ſo diſtained now
As he that made her, hardly can her know.

Thus, thus, eterniſd (for eternity
Waits on the Graces) ſhe with modeſt ſmile,
And ſhamefaſt bluſh, framed this ſhort reply
As ſweet as ſhort couch'd in a comely ſtile;

Much doth *Eliza* thanke your deity
That you would deigne times minutes to beguile
In ſuch an homely cell: a cell indeed,
For ſuch as you that ſpring from heauenly ſeed.

O you diuine and glorious Quiriſters,
That ſing ſweet Hymns in heau'ns high Hierarchy,
You who are made the Angells miniſters,
Filling their hearts with gladſome harmony.
Of happy tidings bleſſed meſſengers,
Infuſed by the power of ſacred Deity.
You ſweet Organs that are conſecrate
To heauens bleſt Nuptialls, bleſſe my nuptiall ſtate.

You are the nectar riuers that diffuſe
Their well diſtreaming currents ore the earth
So as no mount nor humble vale can chuſe
But to be fruitfull. Your thrice glorious birth
Inſpir'd pure knowledge in the Cadmian Muſe,
Making her fill the earth and Sea with mirth.
Thrice bleſſed offspring of ſo bleſt a ſire
Whom plants, ſprings, groues, & all the gods deſire.

If to the ſea I turne, loe you are there,
Mouing the Syrens with your warbling voice,
If to the mountaines, likewiſe you appeare,
Making the rocks re-eccho with your noiſe:
If to the fertile plaines, I likewiſe heare
You prety muſicke in the ſhepheards voice.

Thus

Thus Sea, rock, mountaine, and each flowry plaine
If you begin will answer you againe.

If *Philomela* with her wofull note
Weauing a pricking bramble to her breſt,
Retire in ſecret to deplore her lot,
Crying on *Progne* whom ſhe loued beſt
With trickling teares, not hauing yet forgot
Who gaue reuenge to that inceſtuous beaſt,
Adulterate *Tereus*: if that you come by
Will leaue ſad odes and chirpe more cheerfully.

And reaſon good your heauenly influence
Giues a ſweet tutch vnto th'Amyclean lyre,
Makes her ſtay riuers by her eminence,
Diuert the nature of aſpiring fire,
Moue ſhady woods to change their reſidence,
Mountaines declining, vales aſcending higher.
Shewing far more then mortall powers could ſhew
Drawing beginning and their end from you.

Then gratious Graces, ſhower ſuch ſtreams of grace
Vpon th'enſuing progreſſe of my time,
That by the glorious luſtre of your face
Such raies of vertue and reſpect may ſhine
In me, my iſſue, and ſucceeding race,
That all may bleſſe this happy ſtate of mine.
Who to aduance the honor of our houſe
Brought from one ſtem ſo many vertuous.

It is not eloquence, *Eliza* craues,
That ſmels of gaine, and gaine is ſtale to ſhame,
Such mellow gifts the better ſort depraues,
Looſing for corrupt breath a glorious name:
Fie on attractiue breaths that ſtill receiue
Yet by receiuing doe augment their ſhame:
No, no, let vertue make me eloquent,
Vnſtained vertue is moſt eminent.

Nor iſt inuention doth *Eliza* pleaſe,
I leaue Archia that: our thoughts be pure,
To make our Fame renowmed, when the leaſt
Of our expired lifes ſhall looſe their power,
Getting that ſtatue, after our deceaſe
Which all deuouring time can nere deuoure,
The glorious name of vertue, which faire tombe
Shall mention vs in after times to come,

Ye graces three, how well would this white ſtole,
This precious *Albe* adorne *Elizaes* ſhrine?
Which no detraction nor reproch could ſoile,
But made eternall by the powers diuine,
An happy end of times laborious toile,
A bleſſed period to theſe daies of mine:
When for exchange of times mortality
Heauens were my due and heauens eternity.

Nor doe I care for iudgement, ſo I haue
So much as may diſcerne twixt earths delight

And

And thoſe high ioies which ripeſt iudgement craue
Twixt Titans torch, and *Thetis* pitchie night:
So much as may my name from darknes ſaue,
To make her heire of that ſupernall light
Which the iudicious wiſh: that iudgements beſt
Where ſhe directs her ſcope at ſacred reſt.

O(quoth *Aglaia*) nuptialls ill befit
Such vertuous ſpirits: we muſt haue you dance,
And leaue diſcourſe of vertue, which will get
Penſiue diſtractions, though you talke perchance
Of vertue now, yet youl'e relinquiſh it:
Hymen who doth your fortunes thus aduance,
Will ſeem much grieued, if you ſhould ſeem to be
Vertues defender in this Iubile.

VVhat colours beſt befit a mariage day?
Not ſable, that pertends too blacke euent:
But brighter colours ſuch as flowry May
Vſde to put on when Boreas ſeaſons ſpent
And all the fields put on their rich aray,
Each odorous flower and bloſſome redolent.
VVhen the green mantle of the checkred earth
Seems to reuiew her freſh and cheerfull birth.

Such ſhould thy veſtments be (faireſpotleſſe queen)
And as the birds which pratle on each ſpray,
Telling their tales vnto the medowes green
Their loues, their likings by the breake of day,

Diſcourſing nought which might vnpleaſant ſeem
But as true makes impatient of delay:
They wiſh (poor birds) each moment to approue
The happy fruits of their conceiued loue.

Now by the flowry paſtures they ſend out
Their warbling voices: where their louely mates
With broad extended wing in hot purſuit
For their admired loues together waite,
Till by long ſearch at laſt they find them out
Where they begin to enioy that happy ſtate,
Happy to them (good birds) which long before
They did expect, but now expect no more.

Thus, thus, *Eliza*, ſhouldſt thou ſolemnize
This glad arriuall of thy nuptiall ſtate,
Since powers diuine be come to eterniſe
With happy preſence thy ſucceeding fate
That all the glorious powers may memoriſe,
Theſe feſtiue triumphs they haue ſeen of late.
Come, come, forbeare, put on *Elizaes* brow,
Aſke but the Muſes, they will tell thee how.

Euen as we ſee when cloudes are quite diſperſt,
And glitring beams ſend out their ſplendor bright
Or as when ſtorms be paſt, whoſe fragor perſt
The tender branches with their thunder light,
Or as the earth once pining now reuerſt
Bringing her long concealed ioies to light

So did *Eliza* change her ſable hue,
As if the graces formd her all anew.

Shee's for no ſtraine of vertue, but delight
Plaies on her prety boſome: penſiue thoughts
As *Hymens* enemies be put to flight,
Fruits of more pleaſure by this day are wrought
In the faire Tablet of her beauteous ſight,
Then *Ioue* to Swan-like *Leda* euer brought,
For that was ſtolne curbd by a iealous eie,
But this was ſuch as claimd free liberty.

No dirges now ſhe ſings, but hymns of ioy,
Mou'd with a priuate motiue of content:
No ſorrow now, no anguiſh, nor annoy
Haue any power in her bleſt continent:
She talks of *Venus*, and the waggiſh boy,
And blames *Adonis* aſking what he meant
He did not honor *Venus* beauty more,
But leeſe a mine of treaſure for a Bore?

Out boriſh lad (quoth ſhe) pitty it is,
Such a good face ſhould haue ſo ill a wit,
That when th'art bleſt, doſt not conceiue thy bliſſe
But ſeeſt a gem and yet reſpectſt not it.
Children are pleaſd with flowers: a fruitleſſe kiſſe,
A ſmile, or ſo, ſuch babies beſt befit:
Wherfore leſt thou ſuch flowrs ſhold ſeem to ſtain,
In fruitleſſe grouth a flower thou doſt remaine.

Thus

Thus was *Eliza* turnd: all on the plant,
Like *Mirrhas* daughter or *Hermione*,
Hauing in hope what really she wants,
Presaging comfort to posterity,
Concluding thus: mansions where Graces haut
Cannot deiected or surprised be
By times mutation: for no fatall hower
Can rase that fort, that's kept by diuine power.

And as we oft times see in summer time,
A shower of candide hailestones ratling downe,
Which makes the tops of touring okes decline,
The siluer banks of riuers ouerflowen,
Proining the tendrells of the lofty Pine,
With branchy cedars that are highest growen:
Where suddenly the sun sends out his beames,
Which quite dissolues the haile & stills the streams

So this faire beame of *Titan* thus diffus'd,
Into the amber border of her heart,
Which was before (poore wench) by her refus'd,
Now yeelds relieue vnto her former smart,
Returning sweet delights too long abus'd:
Each proper vertue flowes to euery part.
The tempest now is past, the sun appeares,
Which stops the source of all ensuing feares.

Then sir it were since that *Elizas* mind,
Is robed with nuptiall thoughts: the solemn night,
Should

Should be portraid, her trueſt ioies aſſignd,
To helpe her former hope with hopes delight:
Deſcend a little lower: you ſhall find
The modell of chaſt loue decolord right:
Not ſenſuall affects which reliſh luſt,
For luſt's not loue: ſince loue is pure and iuſt.

The gloomy night, when labor takes his reſt,
Birds take their pearch and ſauage beaſts their den,
The night when hoary cares ceaſe to infeſt
With hote aſſault the ſilent ſleeps of men:
That bleſſed night, theſe nuptialls made it bleſt
Confirmd her hopes by her approaching then.
For ſhe addreſt for pleaſure doth vndreſſe,
Her ſelfe to reape more perfect happineſſe.

Now euery muſe had ſung their laſt good night,
And had aſcended vp Parnaſſus mount,
Wiſhing her as much ioy and ſweet delight,
As ere they ioied, while bathing in the fount
Hight pure *Caſtalia* in *Dianaes* ſight
And her attendants: *Delia* would accompt
Them far more happy then the princely *Ioue*,
For they were free but he was toſt in loue.

The azure curtaines of the ſiluer heauen
Crauing their abſence: now the ioifull bride
Had of her bride cake to the Muſes giuen,
To the three Graces and the Nimphs beſide,

All

All which attended her: but now the euen
Made them though willing longer to abide,
Diſſolue their ranks *Eliza* left behind,
To find the intention of her huſbands mind.

Annotations vpon the laſt Canto.

WE reade in the Romane Feſtiuals: when any marriage was to be ſolemniſed, the parents of the parties, or their friends were accuſtomed to bring forth a faire Table of citre, curiouſly engraued: *Vbi fercula optima delicijs affluentia locarè aſſuerunt.*

——— *A ſong of Hebe deified.*

Hebe (as the Poets faine) was *Iunoes* daughter, and made *Iupiters* cuppebearer, before he fell in loue with *Ganimedes*: ſhee is called moſt properly by the Poets -- *dea Iuuentutis* the Goddeſſe of youth — *Vide Ouid: in Metamorp.*

Were in a row the ſacred Muſes ſate.
Clyo, Calliope, Melpomene, Euterpe, Polyhymnia, Erato, Vrania,
——— *of ſaire Seanimphs.*

Nereides a Nereo appellatæ. As the *Naiades* be deriued from *Naus* -- a Nimph of the Fountaines. Which bee diſtinguiſhed into 3 ſorts by the ancient Poets — in *Nereides* — *Naiades* —*Et Pierides. Nereides circa maritimos locos, Naiades circa riuos & amæniores fontes, Pierides circa montium ſublimiores vertices et ſpiracula verſantur.* And ſo *Gerſon* (in his deſcription of beaſts) diuides the ſeueral and diſtinct kindes of Satires into three ſorts: Satyres, which frequent woods, of a rude, ſauage and intractable Nature, which ſometimes (more properly in my opinion) are called *Syluanes, quia in ſyluis & ſolitudinibus aſperioribus vitam colentes. Faunes*, all which tooke their name from *Faunus*, ſonne to *Picus*, and father to *Latinus*: *agreſtem vitam agunt, rapinis & violentia eorum neceſſi-*

tati

tati ſubuenientes. And *Dryades a Dryade Hyppolochi filio ductæ.* But of theſe you may reade more amply in the fragments of *Lucilius*, and others, whoſe exacter wits haue beene emploied about affaires too impertinent: bringing in the clowdes ſpeaking with *Ariſtophanes*, planting their inuentions vpon aerie foundations.

They ſang a ſong of Neptune to the ſhore.

——*reſonantia littera reddunt*
carmina carminibus.——

Vid: fabulam Hylæ vnius de Herculis ſociis, qui in Aſcanium Flumen miſſus, vt aquam ab eo hauriret, deflexo capite præcipitus procidiſſe fertur, &c.

— *Next thoſe admired Graces tooke their place.*

Aglaia, Thalia & Euphroſyne who had the power to beſtow 3. ſeuerall gifts: eloquence, inuention, and ſound iudgement, vpon whom they pleaſed.

——*In heauens high Hierarchie.*

Cæleſte imperium in altiſſimum dignitatis cumulum prouectum; quo nihil ſublimius (ait orator) vt altius extendatur, aut elegantius, vt maiorem in ſe ſplendorem amplectatur &c.

——*You are the nectar riuers.*

——*Nectar vt ingenium. Nectar* and *Ambroſia* the food of the Gods.

——*The Cadmian muſe.*

Cadmus was ſonne to *Agenor*, King of *Phœnicia*, who ſent by his father to ſeeke *Europa* his ſiſter whom *Iupiter* had ſtolne away, and not finding her, durſt not returne, but planted himſelfe in *Bœotia*, where he erected that moſt famous Citie *Thebes*: he was excellent in the compoſition of all meaſures, but moſt addicted to proſe: wherein he ſo exceeded, that his filed and elegant ſtile was made as a preſident to after ages; he was thought to bee the firſt who euer writ in proſe, but I can hardly aſſent to that opinion: but rather I could admit of their aſſertion, who affirme him to be the firſt that reduced the *Phenicians* from their barbarous and impoliſhed kinde of

Diſcourſe

diſcourſe, inſtructing them in a more exquiſite forme of ſpeaking.

—— *Mouing the Syrens with the warbling voice.*
Syrenum voces et Cycnis poculanoſtri etc.
Horatius lib: 1° Epiſt: ad Coll:

The three daughters of *Achelous* and *Calliope.*

—— *If Phylomela with her woefull note.*

Phylomela King *Pandions* daughter, whom *Tereus* rauiſhed: deploring her owne calamitie vnto her ſiſter *Progne*, who was wife to *Tereus.*

—— *Vnto the Amyclean lyre.*

Aryon —— being born in *Amycle* a Citie of *Laconia*, takes his name of the place of his birth by a Tropical elocutiõ, *Metonim.*

Brought from one ſtem ſo many vertuous

The vertuous progenie of *Eliza*, which is paralleld if not ſuperior to the beſt reputed families *Septentrional.*

—— *Aske but the muſes they will tell yee how?*
Muſa —— Quas varys cecinisſe modis —— iuuat.
Nor if inuention doth Eliza *pleaſe;*

Inuention which is the producer of things true, or ſuch things as haue a reſemblance of truth: giuing a probable reaſon of whatſoeuer is ſpoken or produced; ——When the young men of *Fonia* had haled out that goldē Tripode, which was to be giuen to the wiſeſt man of all *Greece*, it was brought firſt vnto *Thales*, then to *Solon*, & ſo curſiuely vnto all the wiſe Sages of *Greece*: by which was imploied the moderation of their deſires, rather diſeſteeming their owne iudgements, as vnworthy of ſuch an ineſtimable treaſure, then attributing any thing to themſelues, to be thought wiſe in the eye of the world. This by an Analogie is inferred by the modeſt and continent affections of *Eliza*, who rather diſparageth her own worth, that ſhe may auoide the cenſure of preſumption, then by the puffe of titularie praiſes, to vendicate the leaſt honour, as a dependance of her merits.

Vide Senec: in Oedipod:

Nec

——— *Nec preſſæ graui*
ſpiritu antennæ premant : tuta me media vehat
vita decurrens via. ———

Twixt Tytans torch and Thetis pitchy night

Tytan is vſed for the Sunne: he was ſon to *Cælum* and *Veſta*.

Thetis daughter to *Nereus* God of the Sea, ſhe is taken for the night.

——*Mare pro cubili noctis. Allegor :*
Vertues defendor in this Iubile.

This *Iubile* was continued in auncient time, and celebrated euerie 50. yeere but this word ſignifies a priuate ſolemnitie, (in this place) conſecrating their vowes to *Hymen* the God of marriage, *iò pæan : &c.*

Aglaia ſeemes to reprehend *Eliza* for her too much modeſtie, mouing her to ſute her thoughts to the preſent time, which *Seneca* ſhadowes out in deſcribing the habites of both the conquerour and conquered in theſe wordes.

——*Noſcere hoc primum decet quid facere victor*
debet, victus pati.

Ech odorous flowèr, and bloſſom redolent.
Salutaria quædam, citra tactum guſtumue odore proficiunt.

A briefe epitomiſing of the cheerefull ſpringtime: illuſtrating the ſeaſon by her habit.

But as true makes impatient of delay.
Vid : Horac : 1°. lib : epiſt : epiſt : i°.
——— *Vid : Catull : 1°. lib. Eleg. Eleg. 30.*
Et Ouid : in Epiſt. ad Hippolit.

Whoſe fragor pierſt the tender branches
——— *Horat ; Carm lib. 2°. oda x°.*

Or as the earth once pining now reueſt
——*Mutat terra vices & decreſcentia ripas*
Flùmina proterennt.

——Then *Ioue* to Swanlike *Leda*.

Ioue who fell in loue with Leda, wife to King *Tindarus* : ſhe was transformed into a Swan, bringing ſooth two egges.

of

of the one whereof came *Pollux* and *Helen*, of the other *Castor* and *Clytemnestra*.

——— *Iealouſie.*

Iealous of *Tindarus* her husband, who was prone enough to apprehend each occaſion of ſuſpect.

No dirges now. —— *&c.*

Theſe verſes haue reference to *Elizaes* profeſſion-making dirges, Trentalls, and Romane Anthems no leſſe pernitious to her owne purity (which if not blaſted with this ſoile, were moſt eminent) then commodious to her carnall or Ghoſtly father.

In fruitleſſe growth a flower thou doſt remaine.
At cruor in flore mutabitur x. lib. Metamor.
Like Mirrahs daughter or Hermione.

Venus was daughter to *Myrrha*: there were two *Hermiones* the one daughter to *Mars* and *Venus*; The other daughter to *Menelaus* and *Helena*, who being betrothed to *Oreſtes*, but married to *Pirrhus*, *Oreſtes* to reuenge his wrong, ſlew *Pirrhus* and tooke *Hermione* to wife.

——— *For no fatall bower,*
Can raze that fort thats kept by diuine power.

Here ſhe intimates the cauſe of her tranſmutation not ſubiected to any perill, nor oppoſed by any power either externall or internall.

The Rhetians thought them ſecure, becauſe the tombe of *Aiax* was erected in their region. *Oeta* by the diſperſed aſhes of *Hercules* conceaued no ſmall pleaſure: being perſwaded the encreaſe of their commerce with forraine countries proceeded from the happy poſſeſſion of his monument.

The like we read of the vaine conceipts of the Romanes after the tranſportance of their Palladium into Italie, referring the whole ſtate, welfare and preſeruation of their City, publike and priuate affaires vnto that poore helpleſſe monument; which is pretily ſhadowed by *S Auguſtine* in 1. *de Ciuitate Dei*: where he vehemently ſeeks to demoliſh and

and recalcinate the whole Fabrique of the Gentile Idolatry and that by humane and morall reasons: expostulating the cause why they should repose such affiance in them, whom they haue found so Impotent euen in their owne affaires? for (saith he) if they could haue performed any thing, it is likely they would haue done their endeuour, when those inhabitants which adored them, that people which with such reuerence admired them, was not onely quite extinguished, but their Temples polluted, their ancient monuments defaced, and themselues contemptuously expulsed.

But this *was* the blindnes of that age which could not discerne of that inward beauty and splendor of the mind: but led with a precipitant iudgement made them their gouernours, their *Tutelares Dij*, their protectors, that needed supporters to sustaine themselues. But I haue made my digression too ample: especially in a tract which rather concernes pastorall Elegies, then such heathen Prodigies.

For lust's not loue since loue is pure and iust.

A maine opposition betwixt loue and lust: the one sensuall, euer enclined to that which yeelds temporary delight: the other plants her affections vpon a more firme groundworke, a sincere and a spotlesse intention.

To read of those chast and honorable matrons of Rome, who haue excelled in all purity and integrity (as far as was possible for the pagans to attaine vnto in perfection): as *Cornelia* the mother of *Gracchus*, *Portia* wife to *Brutus*, *Cleobu'e* daughter to that wise and prudent sage *Cleobulus*: *Sulpitia* wife to *Calepus*, and that memorable *Paula* wife to *Senecas*. These knew the perfect forme of loue, and were well read in the precepts of chast imbracements, but far from the least conceipt or apprehension of lightnesse: but who shall contrariwise read of the insatiable disposition of *Messalina*, the licentious affections of *Orisilla*, the incestuous desire of *Phedra*, and the impetuous fury of *Medea*, shall presently coceiue a mutine repugnancy (or contrariety rather) betwixt loue and

luſt: ſith by the one, be commonweales in all vnity and coniunction of minds eſtabliſhed, wholeſome and beneficiall lawes enacted, the bounds of kingdomes dilated, and aſwell priuate as publique affaires with due order and adminiſtration managed. For loues definition according to the opinion of *Ariſtotle* (of all Philoſophers moſt profound) and *Plutarch* (of all moralls moſt elaborate) is this: Loue is impartiall, yet of reaſon forgetfull, the grounds her affection vpon vertue, deeming that which is impious, vnworthy of a mind generous.

But luſt the bane of flouriſhing Empires: the diſtaſtfull and vnſauory fruits whereof *Troy* long ſince hath experience of by a *Helen*, *Sparta* by a *Seedeſa*, may be thus defined: ſhe is reſpectleſſe of the meanes, ſo ſhe may attaine the end: her aime is to ſatiſfie her owne exorbitant affection, which to gaine ſhe is ſecure of her owne ruine, countries deſolation. The preſent diſcourſe which I haue taken in hand puts me in mind of that prety and pithy induction of *Lucian*, bringing in *Venus*, demanding of *Cupid* for what cauſe he vſeth to wound with his virulent dart of loue *Iupiter*, *Neptune*, *Apollo* *Iuno*, but exempteth *Pallas*, *Diana*, and all the Muſes from the chaines of his ſeruile affection: and he anſwers her: when I come neere *Pallas* ſhe threatens me, and oppoſeth my pleaſures which I am wont to inſtill into the minds of men: the Muſes they are imploied in ſacred labors, continual exerciſes to the end they may attaine to the perfection of their endeuors: *Diana* ſhe frequents the woods, and retired ſolitudes, neither caring for loue nor the inſtructions of loue: ſhe obſerues a reſtraint in her ſelfe and in her followers: ſhe is too ſkilfull in ſhooting to be ſhot by Cupid.

The inuention of *Lucian* is pleaſant: proſecuting his whole diſcourſe with ſuch apt and accommodate words, that I could not chuſe but take a modeſt digreſſion, to deſcribe the powerfull effects of labour, the ſouereigne remedies of good and vertuous ſtudies againſt the obiections of ſuch, who

rather

rather repose in security to inuert the violent assaults of carnall and inordinate desires: whose opinions resemble those of *Arist*o, *Pyrrho*, and *Herillus*, whose mature censures, haue been thought vnworthy of all philosophicall conuents. We are the least secure, when in our owne iudgement most secure: and no malady more incurable then that which is insensible: the whole progresse of this subiect, as it may cõfirme it selfe, by infallible reasons, grounded on the fortresse of diuine and prophane traditions: so the Poet seems (as one who had no little experience in the schoole of vanity) to conclude the generall assertions of all with this Epiphonema: shutting his institution vp with a caution, his caution with a medicine.

Otia si tollas periere Cupidinis arcus.
Contempta{e}, iacent & sine luce faces.
Take away sloth, and Cupid cannot shoot.
Thou maist contemne him for his fire's put out.
Birds take their perch and sauage beasts their den.

Nature hath ordained that euery creature she hath made, should be refreshed with some moderate rest. Labor is sweet after rest and rest is a confirmer of labor, the one without the other would make vs dissolute, the one without the other would make vs effeminate. Sleep is but an Image of death saith the Poet: *Virgill* calls sleep a neer kinsman to death: hauing such consanguinity with sleep, that some of the ancient Philosophers (haue tearmed it in plaine tearmes a sleep: this moued (without all question) *Theodorus* that mirror of magnanimity, a philosopher of excellent discipline, to be so respectlesse of death, as to despise the menaces of a cruell tyrant: and when he thought to adde this as a greater punishment vnto him, that none should bury him: what answerd *Theodorus*? *quid ad sepulturam pertinet o te inepsum si putas interesse sis supra terram an infra putrescam*; here was resolucion in an Ethnicke, making his expectance the gole, at which he aimed, his threats (tyrants ensignes) in which he gloried to

vanquish an implacable tigre at his owne weapons;

——*And had ascended vp Parnassus top.*

Parnassus a mount whereto the muses vsed to resort. we haue three mountaines renowmed for Musicall celebrities: being called by the Poets *Musæa solennia duum*. The solemne or sacred recluses or habitations of the gods: for thereto they vsed to descend to heare the alternate compositions (for such pleased them best) of the muses.

Moderne examples may be produced of most exquisite lyricks, who enstiled themselues inhabitants in the Flowry mountaine *Pernassus*, as *Theano* daughter to *Metapontus*; *Zenobia* the Queen of *Palmyra*: *Argentaria Pollia* wife to *Lucane* who is said to haue been a fellow helper in all his compositions: euen in the heroickst measures which he euer compiled.

Edesia of *Alexandria* *Corimathea* who is reported to haue excelled *Pindarus* that famous Poet in apt and consonant cadences. yea contending with him fiue seuerall times for the coronet or garland, which by the censure of the most approued Iudicials was giuen (as of desert) vnto *Corimathea*.

Theodosia daughter to *Theodosius* the yonger, merited great commendation for her laborious dimensions, no lesse excelling in her owne inuentions, then in extractions from others: reducing the fragments of *Homer* into centons, with many other works of no lesse memory bearing yet her title in their Frontispice. *&c.*

——*Hight pure* Castalius *in* Dianaes *sight.*

Castalius a fountaine issuing from *Parnassus*, the streames whereof tropically be taken for the influence of poesie. The Muses be called Castalides *per Synecdochen. Et vos Castalio fonte sorores &c.*

——*Delia would accompt.*

Delia or *Diana*, so called of *Delos* an Ile of the Cyclades, bosided in with the Ægean sea, here the Poets faigne *Apollo* and *Diana* to be borne.

Now

——*Now the ioyfull Bride*
Had of her Bridecake to the Muſes giuen.

Pliny relates of theſe ſolemne vſes, obſerued in ancient time: as the Cakes or Wafers conſecrate to *Hymen*, with many ceremonies, as the aſperſion of ſalt, to ſignifie vnto vs, Nuptialls ſhould be ſeaſoned with a reliſh of ſobriety. The bride to be caried into the houſe (after her mariage rites were ſolemniſed) to intimate how vnwilling ſhe is to leeſe the ineſtimable gem of her virginity, with many other obſeruations which be more fully recorded in *Ludouic. Viues*, in his inſtruction of a chriſtian woman. The like we read, in the Antiquities of Ægypt, whoſe Pagan cuſtomes deſerue no leſſe memory then admiration for their exactnes in all moral celebrities tempered with incredible modeſty.

Theſe Annotations may be no leſſe fruitfull to the vnripe Poetaſter, then *Socrates* glaſſe was to his Scholers, or *Cleanthes* Table to conuey the proper & peculiar inuentions of poeſie (by a plaine method) to euery docile and apprehenſiue wit. Let ſuch as read theſe few collections approue of my endeuours, who haue euer bended my intentions, to waine this age from her infancy, and with the Elephant to induce them to wade into the depths of profounder myſteries, alwaies making this my impreſſa, *Stare eſt obſtare cæpiis.*

But ſince the brookes of *Helicon* were troubled with euery obſcene foote; This admired Art hath beene much obſcured, not becauſe her profeſſion is ill, but for her profeſſants, which are either ignorant, (which ſort is more pardonable) or petulant of all ſorts muſt deteſtable, in making *Perneſſus* a ſtew, and the Muſes harlots: arrogating to themſelues the names of Pandars, by the ſcurrility of their owne inuentions: but ſuch pregnant wits are ill beſtowed on ſuch petulant braines, whoſe imaginations neither produce profit to themſelues, nor to their country to be eſteemed aboue themſelues, but depraue many blooming wits (who the ſooner budded the ſooner blaſted) conceiue more de-

light in their lasciuious subiects then in tracts of greater consequence. Which *Iuuenall* handles more fully in his foure and twentith Satyre, accommodating his discourse wholly to the instruction of youth.

Three kinds of these there be which deserue reprehension: The first, time-obseruing Poets, who sooth vice, and bolster their patrons errors. Such was *Aristobulus*, whose works when *Alexander* heard to be far aboue truth, though Annalls of his owne memorable Acts; yet he threw the booke ouer into the riuer *Hydaspis*, saying, he was almost moued to send *Aristobulus* after: a good caueat for clawing parasites. The second sort I propound as opposite to the first, inuective Satyrists sharptoothd Epigrammatists: *Eupolus* was such whom *Alcibyades* threw into the Sea *Aegeum*, for representing him (and that with intollerable bitternesse) vpon the publique Theatre: adding this to *Eupolus* throwing him ouerboord. Thou hast often drowned me vpon the Stage, *Eupolus*, I will once drowne thee in the Sea.

The third venereall lyricks, who descant on their mistresse proportion, aptly epithetising her symmetrie, with such immodesty, that if *Ouid* was exiled for his licentious writing & that by a Heathen, *Epicharmus* for composing one vnseemly song, and presenting the same to the Queen of *Sparta*, was doomed to no lesse punishment: much more deserue they to be excluded all flourishing commonweales, writing that which confers no lesse detriment to a well gouerned state, then effeminacy to such whose minds should be exercised in more viril actions. Wherfore when *Plato* vnderstood that the manners and dispositions of men were much corrupted by the Theatrall profession (or rather prostitution) of Poets, he expulsed them all foorth of his common weale, leauing it to be gouerned by philosophers, the grauity of whose iudgements discerning right from wrong, might diiudicate according to their knowledge.

But the licentiousnes of the Poets in *Platoes* time may be a reason

a reason, that his censure was so vniuersall: more modesty becommeth these times: nothing (of what subiect soeuer) is commendable in prose, but may retaine her lustre in verse: yea more exactnesse of measures draw attention, alwaies shutting vp our labors with a modest accent: *non expectamus theatri applausum. Plaut.* But I haue extended my bounds further then I purposed: supposing no discourse more suting either with argument of instruction or poesie then that which is succinctly contracted. I will therefore proceed.

A description of the Morne.

Aurora sending out his tresses faire,
Garnisht the earth with his resumed light,
Bedewed moist with her impearled haire,
Deposed horned *Luna* queen of night,
And all the twinckling stars which did appeare
By *Phœbus* iuory coach are put to flight,
Thus doth the Sun dethrone the watry Moone
As high estates the lower do put downe.

Downe to the water doth the Moone descend,
There to repose till *Sol* had run his course,
Vp from the sea to earth doth *Sol* ascend
Seeming anew to renouate his force:
The Suns beginning giues the moone an end,
This leaueth worse for good, that good for worse.
This sends her lustre to th'Adriatique Seas,
That takes her place among th'Antipodes.

The pitchy vale of silent night thus drawen,

When labor rubs his eies and shakes of sloth,
Being vnto the lower regions gone,
Aurora represents these louers both,
To a faire tree, broad branchd that fruit brings none
Yet makes a shew of fruit as others doth.
Which he awaking sees, applies the ends
Vnto himselfe, whom thus he reprehends.

The pensiue thoughts of *Gastilio*, in Sapphycks.

ROuze vp thy spirit, (creature most inhumane)
Fix thy contentment on *Elizaes* beauty,
To which the wood gods tied are in duety.
Shame fall a coward,
How many *Hero'es* haue adored her Image,
Passing a torrent of approaching danger?
More then *Alcides* for a *Deyanyra*
Ere made aduenture.
Let *Hymenaus* who was euer present,
At thy solemnizd orisons be graced,
With an eternall monument of glory,
Leaue to be shamefast.
Shame may confound the shame to after ages,
To lee a cheerfull virgin lie beside thee,
And yet do nothing: worst of ills betide thee:
Learne to be wanton.
Nature hath made thee to her owne dishonor,

To loath that subiect which she first created,
To yeeld thee comfort shall her worke be hated,
By thee reiected?
Art thou composed of an humane substance,
Flesh, blood and sinewes, to refuse a pleasure,
Which far exceedeth store of earthly treasure.
Foole be more hardie.
See but the fishes, how one loue another,
Male with the female generates together,
What pure affection doth appeare in either,
Wonder of ages.
See the small Iuie, with her Iuy branches,
How she the poplar flowrishing imbraceth,
And as a spouse his spousall honors graceth,
So is she graced.
The sauage tygre, who frequents the mountaines,
Loues to be loued, is by loue subdued,
And with his louers presence is renewed.
Loue is a loadstone.
For as the loadstone doth attract his iron,
And with embraces shews his loue vnto it,
This faire resemblance shews as if he woed it.
Stones far exceed thee.
The liquid regions ioine their power together,
And those foure diuine elements adhering,
Seem as if all together were conspiring.
Equally mouing.
The crauling serpents in their kind coiting,
Viper to viper in their generation,

Shews

Shewes how dame nature in their propagation
Bred them for breeding
The birds that houer in the skie aboue vs,
Will (if thou marke them) to affection moue vs,
Males loue their females, so our females loue vs,
Mates would be mated.

Obseruations vpon two precedent verses, *deduced out of Magyrus in his Physickes.*

—For as the lead stone doth attract his iron:
Magyrus in his physickes calls Iron, *Pabulum magnetis*, the fewell of the Magnete.
Ferri attractio impeditur presentia adamantis.
Occulta quadam antipathia; ibid.
Viper to viper.
Alcyonus in his Emblems: *Pliny* in his naturall history: *premorso capite maris semen concipiens vipera; dum parit (propio partu) vita priuatur.*
Officiosa alijs exitiosa suis. Alcyat.
Quicquid parit, curam habet eorum, quæ parit. Philos. axiom.

A Threnode occasioned vpon the Authors discontent: in that he loues yet *cannot be respected: with a continued Hymne* or Acrosticke sonnet best sorting *with his amorous passion.*

ETernall anquish torment to my brest,
LAnguishing horror, euer scalding hote,
Imperious

Imperious Queen that ſeeks thy loues vnreſt,
Shaken with tempeſt in a craſie boate.
Anchor of comfort let me leane on thee,
So ſhall it well goe with my barke and me.

Beauties faire daſie, honor to thy maker,
Endu'd with natures faire admired treaſure,
Throne of a goddeſſe, chaſtities partaker,
Helme to my ſhip, the onely port of pleaſure.
Bleſ'd for thy feature and admired euer,
Alwaies abiding freſh, defaced neuer.

Sapphicke.

Reſt to the vnreſt, ſhadow of repoſure,
To ſhade the weary from the parching ſun ſhine,
O faire *Eliza*, bleſt is that encloſure,
Nature hath lent thee.
O deere remember but what ſolemne vowes,
What vowes, what proteſtations in that groue,
That groue, that graue which yeelds more penſiue (ſhows
Vnto my teare ſwolneies, then euer loue
Can make amends for: O remember me
And what pure heſts I dedicate to thee.

Euen in that garden clad with bitter ſweets,
For what ſoere was ſweet, ſeem'd ſowre to me,
With what faire words, what promiſes, entreates
Proceeded from my mouth to purchaſe thee.
Yet thou vnkind: (vnkindneſſe is a ſinne)
To loue that ſtar-dazd Nimph, that loues not him

Perhaps

Perhaps ſome words(as vndiſcreetly ſpoken,
As god wot ſimple ſoules do meane no harme)
Made your firſt bonds of fancy to be broken,
So as my folly might your wit forewarne,
Not to reſpect fond vowes which do proceed,
As idle talke from ſome phantaſticke head.

O let me call your ſelfe to record here,
Whether ſuch ſemblance of my feigned loue,
From time to time did euer yet appeare,
That you ſhould your affection thus remoue?
O anſwer me deare loue, O be ſo kind
Whom you'l not loue to ſatiſfie his mind.

O thou wilt ſay I neuer fancied thee,
I cared not for the place where thou abode,
I tooke no pleaſure, no felicity
In thy diſcourſe; loue where it is is ſhewd:
O argue not ſo roughly, for you know,
Of loue I neuer made externall ſhow.

But if your image be not in my breſt,
Which I will carry ſtill in ſpite of fate:
Then let me neuer reape that ſacred reſt,
That manſion of delight, that glorious ſtate.
O be more kind let that ſame loue I beare,
Vnto your ſelfe, more ioifull tidings heare.

Alaſſe how many weary toileſome nights,

Haue

Haue I toſt to and fro, withouten reſt?
Affrighted with ſuch ſad diſaſter ſights,
As theſe ſhort lines can no way make expreſt:
And what's the cauſe I cannot reſt, nor ſleep?
Becauſe thy beauty doth mine eie-lids keepe.

For when they would be ſhut thou keep's them ope,
Making them looke vpon thy image faire:
As if amazd to ſee that glorious cope
With which the Spheres of heauen may wel cõpare
And therefore puts mine eies to double paine,
In opening them, and ſhutting them againe.

Oft haue I dreamd, I did poſſeſſe my loue,
Rapt with a paſſion of a fond conceipt,
Cloſe were my ſences: none of all could moue
Their ſenceleſſe numnes: but like ſeruants waite
In all obedience both with tooth and hand,
To heare what thou their miſtres would cõmand

This golden ſlumber, ſlumber of delight,
For more content ſuch ſlumbers yeelded me,
Then any food I taſted: or the ſight
Of any obiect, ſaue the ſight of thee;
Which ſlumber paſt and looking all about me
I was perplexd to lie alone without thee.

And yet no wanton or laſciuious thought,
Did euer moue me for to wantoniſe,

For though that ſhrine of thine was long time ſought
It was that I thy ſhrine might eterniſe,
That ſo our loues eterniſd both together,
What chanc'd vnto the one might chãce to either

But I am lauiſh in confounded loues,
And weaues a web for chaſt *Penelope*,
But two for *Lais*: *Venus* milke white doues,
Tranſport my erring ſences, and agree
So to obſcure the pallace of my ſoule,
That what was pure ſhould now be paſſing foule.

Doe not beleeue ſuch vipers as infeſt
With poiſoned breath the glory of my name,
I vow to God that I haue lou'd thee beſt,
And haue been ere reſpectiue of my ſhame.
Let heauen and earth my manſion both remoue,
When I do foile thy bed with forraine loue.

O what vnfruitfull members were thoſe ſpraies,
That nouriſhd Serpents in their flowry ſhade,
And fed our rooted loues with long delaies,
Vndoing that which nature firſt had made:
For this I thinke (if prophecies be true)
Nature ordained me to marry you.

Not nature but the diuine powers aboue,
Which manage our affections as they pleaſe,
Extracting out of hate the conſtant loue

Their minds contracted in the bonds of peace.
Euen that ſame power (I thinke) doth ſo ordaine,
That though you hate, you once will loue againe.

The plants, the birds, the beaſts, the fiſhes ſmall,
Are made to loue: ſee how the Iuy twines
Vpon the ruines of a ſkaled wall,
Or twiſt's about the waſts of fruitfull vines:
Embracing them with branches ſpreading broad,
Supporting them when grapes their ſcience load.

The louing Turtle loues her faithfull make,
Whom if ſhe miſſe, ſhe pines away and dies,
Abiuring mirth and pleaſure for his ſake
Filling the criſpling aire with dolefull cries:
The ſtork, the Starling, and the ſweet tun'd thruſh
Wil ſeek their makes through euery brake & buſh

The libbard, Tigre, Panther, beaſts moſt wild,
Can be ſubdu'd by loues ſweet harmony,
Tranſformd from ſauage beaſts to creatures mild,
Oppreſ'd (as ſeems) with loues extremity.
The cliuy mountaines, and the vales below,
By ecchoes ſhrill, their loues purſuit doe ſhow.

The ſkalie fiſhes in their watry clime,
Taſt of the fruit of loue, each in their kind,
Obſeruing ſeaſon, nature, courſe and time,
Such reliſh pleaſures in loues paſſions find.

That

That languiſhing they fall away and die,
When they'r depriu'd of loues ſociety.

If euery creature thus ordained be,
For to obſerue the ſolemne rites of loue:
Doſt thou ſuppoſe ſhe hath exempted thee,
No penſiue paſſions ere thy mind to moue?
O be not ſo deluded: deare you know,
You had a father, let your ſonne ſay ſo.

What is a iewell worth, if euer kept,
Cloſely confind within the cheſt of earth?
No more is beauty, when occaſion's ſlipt,
Gracing her Image with no ſecond birth:
O let this after age thine Image find,
By ſome record which thou ſhalt leaue behind.

And what record? a ſpecious iſſue left,
(Thy ſecond image) to adorne the ſtage
Of this terreſtriall frame of worth, bereft
If thou ſhould die, ſurpriſ'd in blooming age:
O then ſince beauty is both green and tender,
It needs ſome fortreſſe, to be her defender.

Let me that fortreſſe be, and ile ſupport
Thoſe freeborne bloſſomes of thy tender prime,
With thouſand ſagred kiſſes, and reſort
With mirrh, and ſpikenard, daily to thy ſhrine,
This will I doe, more would I gladly doe,

If thou my loue would for pure loue allow,
Take these few lines and keepe them still with thee
And reading them thinke now and then of me.

The poets legacie to his admired *Eliza: deuoted and bequested to her* chastest thoughts.

THy once deer friend but now despis'd of thee,
Bequeaths vnto thy shrine, what ere is his:
His wreath and lawrell, which for poesie,
Was giuen by *Clio:* for that muse did wish,
Much good vnto thy louer: euen like blisse
Fall on thy sacred temples, beauteous queen,
In far more plenty then to fore was seen.

Next I bequeath, that little wit I had,
Small though it be, I haue entitled thine,
That in thy waiward dumps perplext and sad,
Some sparkling beames in thy conceipt may shine,
Which thou wilt laugh at: and will call them mine:
But I renounce them, writ they were by me,
But for no end saue this: to pleasure thee,

Then doe I giue, and in my gift bequeath,
All those externall Trophees which I had:
The motiue aiet of my persuasiue breath
And that small pipe which vs'd to make swains glad,
And sauage Tigres in their fury mad.

This ſtraine of muſicke *Orpheus* far ſurpaſt,
For mine by all the ſiſters nine was grac't.

This I bequeath vnto thy gentle tutch,
Tutch it ſweet queen, and it will anſwer thee,
With far more muſicke, yea with full aſmuch
As old *Arion* with his harmony,
By mine, ſweet Nimph, Dolphins ſhall carry thee
Sirens themſelues, and Satires at command,
Shall bring thee ſafe vnto th'Elizian ſand.

Some little gifts, as cheeſe cakes, cheſnuts ſweet,
With ſome oblations which I vow'd to Ioue,
Shall be deuoted to thy tripping feet,
That vſed to walke within the ſhady groue
Of *Helicon* and *Ida* mount of loue.
These little gifts did *Mopſus* offer mee,
And with like will I offer them to thee.

Two prety fragrant noſegaies did I ſend,
Made of ſweet flowers, which twiſted vp together,
Were giuen thee (as I wiſht) from me thy friend,
That thought of one might make thee think of either
But thou too marble hearted minding neither.
Deſpiſ'd me and my gifts: which though but ſmall
Yet they were great to me; for I gaue all.

Next I bequeath that earring which I had,
But now I haue not, for I vow its thine,

And

And thoſe ſhort poems which my firſt age made,
That I may ſay ſomething thou haſt of mine,
For which though furies ſeeming to repine,
At ſuch a bleſſing as my works poſſeſt,
Let them repine I care not *I am bleſt.*

I had the ſhrine of *Venus* in my chamber,
Which I reſolud for to bequeath to thee,
With roſie locks and haire as pure as amber,
But there were ſome obiections hindred me,
Which was the cauſe I did not ſend it thee.
For though it was well colourd, yet it had,
For ſome parts good ſo many parts as bad.

The tincture of her face congeald in blood,
Seemd too too vgly, for thy gracious eie,
Her lips too great: her face too ſhameleſſe ſhowd:
All which foule crimes, thy iudgement would deſcry
(Thy piercing eies can priuat'ſt errors ſpie.)
For *Venus* ſeems no *Venus* but a ſwaine,
Some ſlub fac'd trull borne in the Thuſcan plaine.

Next I bequeath a picture vnto thee,
Which though laſciuious, yet beleeue me deere,
It is not halfe ſo wanton as was ſhe,
Whoſe forme this ſenceleſſe formepreſented here,
As by her liuely actions may appeare.
It is that Myrrha beauties ſacred mother,
Who being dead for beauty left another.

Here may you see within your entire thoughts,
The maze of loue, and labyrinth of lust,
With what affecting meanes poore *Mirrha* sought
To voide incestuous pleasure, which she must
She must perforce sustaine: where she doth trust
Her mellow youth; which thus incircled, rather
Then she will keepe shee'll giue it to her father.

He spouse and father, she both child and wife,
He nipt with age, she with an icie pleasure,
Thus he triumphs in his incestuous life
Louing to gaze vpon forbidden treasure,
Locking her vp least he perchance should leese her.
Glad would she take a time for liberty,
But shee's kept in by fathers icalousie.

Thus in a spatious groue, an ample field,
May you (deere queen) cull flowers of euery kind,
First how a Nimph enforced god wot to yeeld
(A willing force) th'affection of her mind,
Leauing the robe of chastity behind.
This picture I will send you, you may take,
This beauties statue for your beauties sake.

For had not *Mirrha* been, nor *Mirrhaes* youth
Youth had not flourisht in a *Venus* brow,
Nor had her beauty come to perfect growth,
Nor that sweet modest blush appeares in you,
Could represent so eminent a shew.

Venus from *Mirrha* tooke her first beginning
Mirrha from *Cinyras* incestuous sinning.

Thus haue I made my finall legacie,
And consecrated to your radiant beauty,
Though not consorting with your purity,
Yet am I so denoted in all duety
That I could wish my poems so should suit thee.
That with such passiõs they in fine might moue thee
As reading these, *these might enforce thee loue me.*

Annotations vpon the last Elegie.

This straine of musicke Orpheus far surpast.

Orpheus sonne to *Apollo* and *Calliope* was esteemed the skilfullest vpon the Harpe of all others: he moued (as Poets record) mountaines, tamed sauage beasts, infused life into senceless stones, trees, and forrests, by his admirable skill he brought his wife *Euridyce* out of hell, rauishing the infernall furies with his musicke: vpon whom our moderne Epigrammatists (wherein we may no lesse glory, then *Rome* of her *Martiall*, *Mantua* of her *Maro*, *Cordoba* of her *Seneca*, writeth thus:

Orpheus vxorem raptam repetiuit ab orco:
Duxit ab inferno femina nulla virum.

Englished.

Orpheus his wofull wife brought backe from hell,
Few wiues will vse their husbands halfe so well.

Annexion.

They'll bring them backe from heauen, and which is more,
Bring them to hell, they neuer knew before.

Thus far of *Orpheus*. some haue supposed, he was the first who found out plurality of Gods. which opinion was so generally embraced after by the Thracians, entituling him in their owne

Temples

Temples πολιθοὶς but I refer that to the reading of the iudicious who perchance may distinguish of *Orpheus*: there being diuerse of that name, of which the most illustrious he seemed to be, of whom we now make mention, both for an harmonious touch vpon the lyre, and those solemne celebrities yeerely obserued by the Thracians in his memory.

—*As old Arion with his harmony.*

Arion a famous harper of Greece, hauing got great store of gold and siluer among the latines, and desirous to resalute his natiue country, embarked himselfe secretly in a Pirats ship: of whom and of whose wealth being made acquainted, they conspired together to throw him of shipboord: to be partakers of so infinite a masse of treasure, which they accordingly effected: where *Arion* by the force of his melody, stilling the surges of the sea, drew by his attractiue power, a Dolphin to carry him on his backe to his long expected harbor *Laconia*. He was also memorable for his skill in composing lyricke verses, or songs aptly made for his Harpe.

Some flub fac'd trull borne in the Thuscane plaine.
Et solent campis Thurijs puellæ
Solis æstiui radijs referre
Ora, quæ primò specie decora.
Solè cremantur.
Inhabiting vnder the Torrid zone.

—*With what affecting meanes poore Mirrha sought.*

Mirrha daughter to *Cinerus* King of *Cypres*: who vnnaturally was inflamed with lust towards her father: by whom she had *Adonis*.

Whose end well sorted with such an incestuous birth.

Of her the Poet speakes thus.

Annuit & renuit, modo vult, modo cæpta parentis
Repulit, haud licuit, dixit, at illa facit.
He spouse and father, she both child and wife.

Ouid in Metamorph.

Tunc eris & matris pellex & adultera patris?
Tunc soror nati, genitrixque vocabere fratris?

Et alibi.

Forsitan ætatis quoque nomine filia dixit,
Dixit & illa pater sceleri ne nomina desint.

In Elizam Tetrastychon.

—— Mirtus amat Venerem, Laurus Elizam.
Lenta salix tumulum succingat, tempora laurus,
Mirtus amat Venerem, Laurus & ipsa meam.

In Elizam ob aquam corporis temperiem incredibilem fragrantiam mittentem.

Mittit Eliza [illegible] & odoribus omnia fragrent,
Omnia quæ manibus tractat Eliza suis.

In Elizam vt huius vitæ initia vitæ longè melioris auspicijs augeantur.

Viuat & Elysios post vltima funera campos
Aspiciat, læta est tempore, læta fine.

No nuptialls now, no laies, no Hymens, pall
But a pore shrowde I crane, and that a all.

CANDIDAE ET EXIMIAE HERAE ET HEROI NOBILI STEMMATE ORTAE, NON MINORI ANIMI QVAM CORPORIS PRAESTANTIA ORNATAE

Do, dico, dedico,
—— Opera omina, omnia.

FINIS.

Errata.

In the argument pag 3. lin 18. for Syreus r. Syrens. ibid for raine r. ruine. p 16. lin. 16. for out r. on. p. 20. lin 4, r. ioyes with sadnesse. p. 29. l. 13. for *aligine* r. *Caligine*. p. 33. l. 7. for rest r. rest. ibid. lin. 12. for remore r. remorse. p. 41. l. 1. for Vesus r. Vesta. pag. 42. l. 1. for paued r. pand. p. 44. l. 15. for which r. with.